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NEW SERIES, No. 22.

THE

A N N U A L M O N I T O R

FOR 1864,

OR

O B I T U A R Y

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1863.

L O N D O N :

SOLD BY A. W. BENNETT, (SUCCESSOR TO W. AND F. G. CASH,)  
BULL, HUNTON AND CO., DARTON AND CO., AND E. MARSH:  
THOMAS BRADY, AND GEORGE HOPE, YORK.

1863.



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P R E F A C E.

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PREVENTED, by circumstances not under their control, from giving the usual attention to the interesting duties connected with the publication of the ANNUAL MONITOR, the Editors have gladly availed themselves of the valuable aid of their friend and relative Joseph Stickney Sewell, of Hitchin, in compiling the present number. Upon him, almost entirely, has rested the labour of preparing for the press the various materials kindly intrusted to their care, and they gratefully appreciate the manner in which he has been enabled to go through with the work.

The number of deaths reported this year is not much below the average of the last five years; but the biographical sketches which accompany the obituary are fewer than usual. They are, however, of an instructive character, and, while they suffice to show that the interest of Friends in this little Periodical is kept alive, they bring afresh into view the importance, and the blessedness of that faith by which we

are made partakers of Christ and His salvation, so that, “made free from sin, and become servants unto God, we have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.” In perfect accordance with what “The Scripture hath said,” the experience of many more of the departed, of whom nothing is recorded here, would doubtless confirm the fact that “It is the Spirit who quickeneth;” that, among other gracious offices, it is He who “leads into all truth,”—that it is His especial work “to glorify Christ,”—to “take of the things of Christ and to shew them unto us,”—to bring the sinner to the Saviour, and to convert the soul unto God, as well as to sanctify the believer, and to guide and sustain him in the path of Christian devotedness in the service of his Lord. In this persuasion we cannot better commend this little volume to its readers than by adopting the heart-felt salutation of the Apostle—“The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.”

THE  
ANNUAL MONITOR.

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OBITUARY.

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	Age	Time of Decease	
AMELIA ALEXANDER	39	21	12mo. 1862
<i>Rathmines, Dublin.</i>			Wife of Joseph F. Alexander.
ARABELLA SOPHIA ALLEN,	1	16	11 mo. 1862
<i>Cork.</i>			Daughter of Benjamin Allen.
PRISCILLA ALLETSON,	59	26	8 mo. 1863
<i>Chester.</i>			Wife of Thomas Alletson.
EDWARD AMOS ASHBY,	18	3	10 mo. 1862
<i>Congresbury.</i>			Son of Amos Ashby.
MARY ASHTON, <i>Cheetham,</i>	81	21	4 mo. 1863
<i>near Manchester.</i>			Wife of John Ashton.
HENRY ASHWOOD, junior,	34	26	9 mo. 1862
<i>Turton, near Bolton.</i>			
DANIEL WEAVER ATKINSON,	66	8	3 mo. 1863
<i>Liverpool.</i>			An Elder.

JANE ATKINSON, <i>Quernmore,</i>	61	12	6 mo.	1863
<i>near Lancaster.</i> Wife of Joseph Atkinson.				
EDITH MARGARET BACK-				
HOUSE, <i>Sunderland.</i>	15	28	9 mo.	1863
Daughter of Thos. James and Margaret Back-				
house.				
MARY BAGSHAWE, <i>Sheffield,</i>	86	27	3 mo.	1863
Widow of William Bagshawe.				
SAMUEL BAKER,	54	27	12 mo.	1862
<i>Clontarf, Dublin.</i>				
SUSANNA BAKER, <i>Plymouth.</i>	70	27	4 mo.	1863
Widow of William Baker.				
JOHN BAYES,	75	12	10 mo.	1862
<i>Finedon, Northamptonshire.</i>				
EDWARD BAYNES,	4	19	8 mo.	1863
<i>Poynton, Stockport.</i> Son of Oswald and Agnes				
Baynes.				
THOMAS BAYNES,	7	21	8 mo.	1863
<i>Poynton, Stockport.</i> Son of Oswald and Agnes				
Baynes.				
JOHN BEAUMONT,	77	25	10 mo.	1862
<i>Ufford, near Woodbridge.</i>				
FRANCES BELL,	80	9	8 mo.	1862
<i>Trumra, Co. Antrim.</i> Widow of Isaac Bell.				
SARAH BELL,	80	16	7 mo.	1863
<i>Lisburn, Ireland.</i> A Minister.				
REBECCA BEWLEY,	50	3	9 mo.	1863
<i>Rockville, Co. Dublin.</i> Wife of Thomas Bewley.				

ANN BIGLAND,	82	19	6 mo.	1863
<i>Allonby, Cumberland.</i> Widow of Amos Bigland.				
ELIZABETH BISSELL,	90	17	12 mo.	1862
<i>Evesham.</i> Widow of Samuel Bissell.				
MARY BLAKELY, <i>Rochdale.</i>	48	14	2 mo.	1863
LOVEDAY BODDY, <i>Cork.</i>	78	17	12 mo.	1862
An Elder.				
WILLIAM BOTT,	74	13	10 mo.	1862
<i>Hatfield Peverel, Witham.</i>				
LUCY BRADSHAW,	70	17	12 mo.	1862
<i>Stoke Newington.</i> An Elder.				

It is not the object of this short memoir to narrate the events of a long life, marked by interesting association at home and abroad with many of the most exalted Christian characters of the time in which she lived, but rather to point out those features in the Christian character and walk of this dear friend, that may be helpful to those who are still called to press toward the mark for the prize it is believed she has been favoured to gain.

All who knew her intimately can bear witness, and those the most fully who knew her best, that whilst her walk was unpretending her religion was eminently practical.

She was not a forgetful hearer of the word, but a faithful doer of her daily duties. With

unwearied energy and perseverance she pursued whatever she believed to be in her appointed path of duty. Her filial attentions soothed the latter years of the life of her dear uncle, William Allen, in whose works of benevolence she largely participated. We owe much to her persevering energy and sound judgment, as well as to the discrimination and talents of a surviving friend, for the interesting memoir of his extensive and varied labours.

In her family circle she was ever faithful and kind. With truly genial and hearty affection she cherished her younger relations, interesting herself warmly in all their concerns, and identifying herself with their joys and sorrows. Her practical benevolence to the poor was a habit of her whole life. Strikingly tender and cautious as well as sincere in speaking of others, she would kindly check any want of charity displayed in conversation in her presence.

Though a decided Friend in her convictions, habits, and practices, she was thoroughly unsectarian in her feelings, and whilst endeavouring consistently to follow her own path of duty, she was ever ready to give the right hand of fellowship to all of every name, who loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity. As a consistent Friend

and Elder she was highly valued by others, though a lowly opinion of herself and her attainments was a marked feature of her Christian character.

Her faith was simple and unwavering in the great doctrines of Christianity as set forth in the Holy Scriptures. Her only hope of acceptance was in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, as manifested in the sacrifice on the cross, and her daily walk was a speaking testimony to her faith in the immediate guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit.

She deeply felt the affliction, permitted in her declining years, of the loss of her sight, which proved a close trial to her active nature. But as she was enabled to bow under it, she was mercifully sustained, not only in cheerfulness but in the happy enjoyment of a life of still active usefulness. Under this trial she reaped the fruit of her former habits of self-government and thoughtful consideration for others; and many of those who survive can testify how her sympathy has soothed their sorrows, her counsel has helped them in their perplexities, and her affectionate and social spirit has shed a brightness around her in those hours privileged by her visits, or shared in by her guests. Some of those who remain

closely feel that by her removal a blank is left in the thinning circle of old and familiar friends that can never be filled by another.

The stroke which terminated her earthly existence was one of great mercy. No lingering suffering was allotted to her, but, with a speedy and gentle commission, the Angel of Death laid his hand on her, and mercy even veiled from her the knowledge that she was passing through the valley. She was laid aside for a few short days, and before many of her friends had even heard of her brief illness, the silver cord was gently loosed, and the golden bowl was broken. How cheering is the faith, that she has in redeeming mercy been permitted to join the church triumphant, and that now freed from the shackles of mortality and from every film that can obstruct her vision, her eye beholds the King in His beauty, in that land where the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick, for the people who dwell therein are forgiven their iniquities.

ISAAC BRAGG,                                   71 18 6 mo. 1863

*Hensingham, Whitehaven.*

CHARLES BRATT,                                   80 21 11 mo. 1862

*Late of Spitalfields.*

He was for a long period a valuable member of Devonshire House Monthly Meeting, where for

some years he faithfully and very acceptably filled the station of overseer. He was much esteemed and beloved in the neighbourhood in which he so long resided, and those who intimately knew him could not fail to be struck with the uprightness and integrity of his Christian character. His clear judgment and superior intelligence frequently led to his advice and assistance being sought in commercial difficulties. During the latter part of his life he resided at Winchmore Hill. He was a liberal friend to the poor, and was truly thankful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for his many blessings, temporal and spiritual. For some time previous to his last illness, the health of our dear friend had become considerably impaired, and at times he suffered from extreme prostration, which he bore with Christian patience and fortitude, frequently alluding to the peace and calmness with which he was favoured.

HESTER BREWIN,                            92 14 3 mo. 1863

*Cirencester.* Widow of John Brewin.

“By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another.”

An humble believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, Hester Brewin gave this evidence of her discipleship. She heartily responded to the language,

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

It was comforting to the members of her family, who watched her to the close of life, to observe the increased reverence, humility, and peacefulness of her spirit, as the portals of the unseen world appeared to be opening before her.

ANN BRIGGS, *York.* 62 27 3 mo. 1863

Wife of William Briggs.

EMILY BRIGHTWEN, 10 27 12 mo. 1862

*Scarbro'.* Daughter of the late Charles Brightwen. Died at Ackworth School.

ANN BROSTER, *Leeds.* 63 3 5 mo. 1863

CROWTHER BROWN, 65 5 6 mo. 1863

*Ampthill.*

MARGARET BRYSON, 62 11 12 mo. 1862

*Edinburgh.* Wife of David Bryson.

FREDERICK WILLIAM BULLA, 5 29 12 mo. 1862

*Philipsburgh Avenue, Dublin.* Son of Timothy Bulla.

ALFRED HENRY BULLA, 7 30 12 mo. 1862

*Philipsburgh Avenue, Dublin.* Son of Timothy Bulla.

MARY BURGESS, 75 22 3 mo. 1863

*Canterbury.*

WALTER BURNE, 48 11 3 mo. 1863

*Winchmore Hill.*

ANN BUTLER, *Bristol.*              92    1 12 mo. 1862

Widow of John Butler.

ELIZABETH CASSON,              30    2 7 mo. 1863

*Darlington.*

JAMES CHAPMAN,              13 10 1 mo. 1863

*Colthouse, Lancashire.* Son of Daniel and Ann Chapman.

The winter of 1862-3 will long be memorable at Ackworth School, as well as in many other localities, in connection with the visitation of illness which accompanied it, principally amongst children and young people. In some instances a rapid and fatal termination ensued, and at Ackworth, in addition to other sickness, four children were, in the space of little more than two months, removed by death. Much mercy was, however, mingled with this chastening, for in every instance the consoling assurance was permitted that those, thus early taken, were, through redeeming love and mercy, made meet for a better inheritance. Nor can it be doubted that these striking lessons of the uncertainty of life, brought so closely home to many young minds, induced deep searching of heart as to their own preparation for the life to come, the fruit of which will never be fully known until that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

James Chapman was one of the first who was taken ill, and great was the interest felt in the school respecting him, for he was a lively, unselfish boy, who was universally beloved; and when laid on the bed of sickness, the same brightness, cheerfulness, and submission to the wishes of others were conspicuous. These amiable qualities were, however, quite unable to bring peace to his mind in the prospect of death.

During the first part of his illness he said but little on religious subjects, but he was evidently passing through much mental conflict. The Holy Spirit was, it is believed, at work in his soul, convincing of sin, and pointing to Him who alone can take away sin. Speaking once about this time, of his only brother, he said he thought much about him, as well as others of his school-fellows, but that he felt too much of a sinner himself to give advice to others. Not long after this he told his mother, who came to be with him, that the way had been dark, but that now all was made clear, that he believed he should be accepted and go to Heaven if he did not recover. He said more than once, that he left himself in his Heavenly Father's hands, as to the result, but that if he had his choice he would prefer to go now, lest he should forget God again when in

health. At other times the prospect of a return to his school life and associations was pleasant to him, and still more the idea, which as a loving son he entertained, of being, along with his brother, a help to his widowed mother as he grew up to manhood; but after conversations of this nature, he was generally careful to refer to the duty of resignation to the divine will. He acknowledged, with much contrition, his neglect of daily prayer when in health, and said he now saw how much he had lost by it. He also regretted he had not kept up his knowledge of hymns learnt when a child. Some of these, however, recurred to him with freshness.

After several days of struggling with the disease, without much apparent alteration for better or worse, a favourable change appeared; the prospect of recovery became more decided, and he began to look forward to many probable circumstances connected with his going down again, yet he was still fearful lest he should not be able to withstand the temptations of active life.

His mother left him on 6th day, the 9th of 1st month, under the full conviction, shared by all, that he was in a fair way for recovery. He felt parting with her, greatly. Thirty hours after her departure, he, who was contemplating a return to life, was taken to the "better land."

On seventh-day morning a rapid change for the worse came on. After the doctor had been and expressed his opinion that he was very ill, James inquired with some earnestness what his opinion was, and on being told appeared considerably affected. On being asked shortly after if he could still feel that "all was clear," as he had before told his mother, he replied, "Yes I feel that Jesus has forgiven all my sins." His mother was sent for, but she did not arrive until three hours after his spirit had taken flight. During the afternoon and evening, he several times asked the hour, with the evident hope of seeing her again, but once he said, "Perhaps I shall be gone home before she comes," and on its being remarked to him that it was sweet to hear him speak of Heaven as his home, he replied, "There is no earthly place like it."

He was too weak to express much, but enjoyed hearing hymns and a few verses of Scripture, frequently asking for his favourite hymn, "We speak of the realms of the blest," dwelling especially on the last line of each verse, "But what must it be to be there?" He said twice, "It is for some wise purpose that I have been afflicted." He sent his dear love to his brother, saying he hoped he would live so as to go to Heaven, where

he was going, and on asking him if he had any other message, he said, "The same wish for all, with my love." His restlessness towards the end was great, but he continued the same loving, unselfish boy, to the last.

In an interval of more quiet it was remarked to him that there would be sweet rest at the end of all this; he raised his head, and said with emphasis, "Yes, and *never* to be disturbed." He subsequently made an effort to thank all around him for their kindness, and bade each farewell. His last audible words were, "Jesus, receive my spirit." He drew his last breath soon after eleven o'clock, p.m., leaving those who surrounded his bed sorrowing for those who remained, yet rejoicing that for him, "the conflict was passed and the victory won."

JOHN CLARK, *Islington.* 27 29 12 mo. 1862

Son of Frederic and Ann Clark.

ANN CLARK, 84 9 2 mo. 1863

*Lisburn, formerly of Lower Grange.*

JANE APPLEBEE CLARKE 79 26 2 mo. 1863

*Plymouth.*

MARY ELIZABETH CLARK 30 12 3 mo. 1863

*Balby, near Doncaster.* Wife of John Clark.

HUGH CLOAK, *Nottingham.* 78 6 1 mo. 1863

A Minister.

ISAAC COOKE,	82	13	11 mo.	1862
<i>West Derby, near Liverpool.</i> An Elder.				
BETTY COOKE, <i>Liverpool.</i>	83	3	4 mo.	1863
Widow of William Cooke.				
WILLIAM START CORDER,	73	9	1 mo.	1863
<i>Kelvedon, Essex.</i>				
ELIZABETH COX, <i>London.</i>	85	7	3 mo.	1863
RUTH CREETH,	67	26	3 mo.	1863
<i>Cootehill, Ireland.</i>				
MARY CREWS, <i>Lewes.</i>	80	29	6 mo.	1863
Widow of Samuel Crews.				
ROBERT CROSLAND,	23	31	8 mo.	1862
<i>Bradford.</i>				
MARY CROUCH, <i>Liskeard.</i>	59	19	9 mo.	1863
Widow of Edward A. Crouch.				
MARGARET CRUIKSHANK,	51	3	6 mo.	1863
<i>Edinburgh.</i> Wife of Alexander Cruikshank.				
FRANCIS DAVIS,	85	31	3 mo.	1863
<i>Daphne, Enniscorthy.</i>				
MARY ANN DAVIS,	80	12	2 mo.	1863
<i>Stoke Newington.</i>				
PHEBE DAWES,	60	1	1 mo.	1863
<i>Blackfriars Road, Southwark.</i>				
SARAH ELIZABETH DEAN,	20	18	10 mo.	1862
<i>Salford, Manchester.</i> Daughter of George G. Dean.				
EMILY DIAMOND, <i>Bristol.</i>	1	4	1 mo.	1863
Daughter of Aaron and Tryphona Diamond.				

HANNAH DICKINSON,	82	27	9 mo.	1862
<i>Highflatts, near Huddersfield.</i>				
FRANCIS DIX, <i>Clapham.</i>	87	8	1 mo.	1863
<i>WILLIAM DONCASTER,</i>				
<i>Sheffield.</i>				
JOHN DOUBTING, <i>Bristol.</i>	80	18	9 mo.	1863
SUSANNA DOYLE, <i>Dublin.</i>	79	25	9 mo.	1862
PERSIS DOYLE,	75	24	12 mo.	1862
<i>Tullow, Ireland.</i> Widow of James Doyle.				
ELIZABETH DREWETT,	83	11	4 mo.	1863
<i>Plymouth.</i> Widow of John Drewett.				
ELIZABETH DREWRY,	38	19	8 mo.	1863
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
THOMAS DUNNING,	47	19	2 mo.	1863
<i>Great Ayton.</i>				
WILLIAM DAWES DYNE,	18	27	3 mo.	1863
<i>Darlington.</i> Son of William and Elizabeth Dyne.				
AGNES EDMONDSON,	72	6	3 mo.	1863
<i>Lancaster.</i>				
GEORGE EDMONDSON,	63	15	5 mo.	1863
<i>Queenwood, near Stockbridge, Hants.</i>				
JOHN ELLIS,	73	26	10 mo.	1862
<i>Belgrave, Leicester.</i>				
ANNA ESTERBROOK,	76	29	11 mo.	1862
<i>Gracechurch street, London.</i> Widow of Richard Esterbrook.				

JAMES EVANS,                    77 8 8 mo. 1863

*Etruria, Stoke-upon-Trent.*

REBECCA FARRUND,              75 8 1 mo. 1863

*Peckham, Surrey.* Widow of Frederic Farrund.

ISABELLA FEUNELL,              43 5 9 mo. 1863

*Ballybrado, Co. Tipperary.*

BENJAMIN CLARK FISHER,      81 13 7 mo. 1863

*Summerville, Co. Dublin.*

B. C. Fisher was born in the County of Cork, in Ireland, and spent his early days in the pursuits of a country life. These pursuits were afterwards a continual source of interest and pleasure to him, so that whilst he had a shop at Limerick, (in or near which city he resided about 40 years), he always contrived to have a piece of garden ground, in which he was accustomed to work before and after the hours of business. In 1808 he was married to Mary Unthank, of Limerick, to whom he continued united in the closest bonds of affection for 47 years. They had a large family of children, whom it was their united endeavour to train in a religious life and conversation.

In early life he was brought to feel the importance of religion for himself. "When quite a child," he said, on his death-bed, to his children

and grand-children who were around him, "I was impressed with this injunction, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things (that ye have need of) shall be added unto you.'" To do this in his daily life was not only the desire of his soul but his earnest endeavour; and on this occasion his heart was filled with gratitude to God, as he recounted how the gracious promise had been fulfilled in his own experience. "I have had," he added, "all my wants, both temporal and spiritual, abundantly supplied, far more than I asked or thought. I have been greatly favoured all my life through, but particularly so during during the last few years. My heart has been full of prayer and thankfulness to my Heavenly Father for his innumerable blessings to me; and not the least of these were what at first appeared as troubles and difficulties, and now my mind is filled with peace and entire trust in Him."

This simple undoubting trust in the ever watchful care and protecting power of God was a marked feature in his religious character. In a letter to one of his daughters, a few months before his death, he thus writes: "I cannot depict to thee in words the incalculable advantage I feel to attach to a firm and undeviating trust in the

mercy and loving kindness of our Heavenly Father, in things temporal as well as spiritual. I believe if we look with living faith to Him for all that we feel to need, He will, in His own time and way, not only grant all that is for our good, but so sanctify our gifts and trials as to contribute to our peace and enjoyment beyond anything we could imagine, or attain to, by any device of our own without Him."

Charitable to all, and desirous to be unsectarian, he was from his youth impressed with the importance of those views of Christian doctrine which are held by the Society of Friends, and he was careful through life to adhere to those habits and practices which he believed to be consistent with the thorough carrying out of his principles. He was diligent in his attendance of meetings, and took an active, and it is believed, useful part in promoting the good order and discipline of the Society, endeavouring to exercise his influence on the side of that Christian charity which thinketh no evil, is ever patient with those who have transgressed, and hopeful with regard to them.

Temperate and self-denying in his own habits, he was amongst the first of those who, seeing the vast amount of evil resulting from the use of intoxicating liquors, resolved totally to abstain

from them, that they might set an example of what they recommended to others. For the last thirty years of his life he adhered firmly to this course.

Other subjects of a philanthropic nature also largely engaged his attention and interest, none of these perhaps more so than the cause of the oppressed slaves. From the time when he first heard of their sufferings, in his early youth, he was so impressed with their wrongs that he at once left off the use of slave-grown produce as far as he was able, putting himself to some trouble and expense in order to do so; and his efforts were untiring to advocate their cause whenever opportunity occurred.

In more than one Society for promoting the industrial employment of the poor, he was an interested and useful worker, believing that no more effectual help could be extended to this class, than that of teaching them and encouraging them to help themselves. Feeling much for the children of those who had been, from various causes, disunited from our Society, his attention was earnestly turned to the consideration of their isolated and neglected state, and since the establishment of the agricultural school for this class at Brookfield, in the north of Ireland, in which he took some part, he always felt a lively interest in its welfare.

He was a very early riser, and used often to say that people did not know what they lost by the neglect of this practice, describing the freshness, purity, and calmness of the early morning, and speaking of it as a time in which the soul may be peculiarly prepared for true spiritual worship. His habit was to rise at four o'clock in the summer, and at five in the winter, and after walking round his gardens and fields, breathing in the spirit of each day as if it were a fresh creation, his soul raised to the great Giver of all, he would retire to the house whilst all were still at rest, and enjoy the opportunity it gave him for reading the Bible, and for quiet meditation.

It would be vain to seek in any one member of the Christian church for a capacity rightly to perform all its different services; instead of this, we see that the "Spirit divides to every man severally as he will," and appoints to one a line of service quite different to that which he appoints to another. Still, if each fills his right place, they will be able to work together in harmony, and the body will grow and prosper. Therefore we must not be surprised if in the struggle we have to wage with sin and error, the attention of one should be specially directed to danger coming in this direction, whilst another sees it in that; each may be in

his right place, and if willing to listen patiently to the other, they will be mutually helpful. Of late years, many in our Society have been deeply impressed with the evils resulting from ignorance with regard to many truths revealed to us in the Bible, especially such as have reference to the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ. Danger of an opposite character seems to have much more claimed the attention of the dear friend who is the subject of this memoir. He saw that there might be much intellectual acquaintance with the truths of Scripture, and much zeal in the propagation of them, without their having any effect upon the heart. He was, therefore, jealous of religious teaching which he thought had a tendency to fill the head with notions, rather than lead to a loving obedience to the Saviour's commands, and an acceptance of all the conditions of discipleship. Thus the religious instruction which he gave to his own family was much more that of influence, and the example of his life, than of words. But when he thought something more was needful, he spoke with a loving earnestness that was very impressive, frequently expressing his strong conviction that religion must be brought into our every-day life, influencing our every thought, word, and action. It is thankfully

believed that he himself accepted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour from sin, and as his only hope of glory; he felt moreover the importance of all being, to use his own words, "impressed with the inestimable value of what our adorable Saviour purchased for us by offering himself for the remission of our sins;" but he was convinced that these truths might be unduly dwelt upon, to the exclusion of those which relate to the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart; and he feared lest that holy guidance which he so prized and so practically believed in, should be thought lightly of.

The increased weakness attendant on age, during the last year of his life, prevented B. C. Fisher from following so actively as before his outdoor occupations, and he spent much of his time in reading, which he greatly enjoyed. He remarked on his deathbed, "I have had such a feast of reading this last year, and have enjoyed it so much," adding, after a few remarks as to the character of the books he had read, "but all my reading has confirmed the conviction of my whole life, the belief that the principles professed by the Society of Friends are nearer than those of any other Christian body to the spirit of the Bible, and to true Christianity."

In a letter, written a short time before his

decease, after speaking of the increased pain in his legs, and his general weakness, he says, "but I suffer nothing worth noticing as suffering, and if they never return to their former or wonted strength, I can feel perfectly reconciled, yes, even truly thankful for such gentle weaning from this life. I cannot think of myself or look around me without the constant recurrence of thankfulness, and I feel an abundant response to my every desire for a clear sight and sense of the design and end of our Heavenly Father's introduction of the Christian dispensation for the redemption and salvation of mankind. I think I may say enjoyment of my inward life appears to increase from week to week, as time passes on, so that though I have not, for some time past, been without frequent thoughts of the uselessness of my life's being prolonged, it is more than overcome by the feeling of its being made so great a blessing to me."

It was not till he came in from winding up his day's work on Seventh-day evening as usual, when he complained of being in much pain, that any alarm was felt about him,—the next night he breathed his last.

But in a spiritual sense, too, it is believed, his day's work had been wound up,—and his last day on earth was the Sabbath, that day on which

it had ever been his greatest delight to be surrounded by his children and grandchildren, of whom there are above sixty living. On this last occasion twenty-two of the family were in the house. He desired that all might come into his room, and that the Bible might be read as usual on First-day evenings. He asked to have the book brought. "Bring your mother's Psalm book," he said, (one in large type, which he had used every day since her death.) Being asked if he wished for any particular psalm, he said, "No, just read where the mark is, it is in our place where I read every night." The 25th and 26th Psalms were then read, and he acknowledged his sense of their applicability to himself. After awhile he said, "I feel perfectly easy to leave myself in my Heavenly Father's hands; I feel that I can do nothing for myself, but he can do, and has done, all things for me." When told that the doctors had little hope of his recovery, he was perfectly calm, and said, "For myself, I have no wish for it to be otherwise, I have no desire to live longer but for your sakes." On his daughter's replying, "All will be well for *us*, but how dost thou feel for *thyself*, father?" he replied, "Oh, my dear, I have been living in prayer and thankfulness ever since I came here," (meaning to

Summerville, where he had removed about eighteen months before) "my heart has been filled with gratitude to my God and entire trust in Him."

He suffered from severe spasms of pain which he bore with the utmost patience. In his intervals of ease, he spoke to each of his children, and evinced the same lively interest in all around as when in health. At night he bade each a most affectionate farewell, and all, except four of his daughters, went to their several homes, expecting to see him again, but it was ordered otherwise. A little after midnight his breathing became very much oppressed, he could not sleep, but spoke sweetly at intervals, evincing the perfect peace with which he was so wonderfully blessed. After giving a slight cough, his breathing immediately ceased, and he was gone. It seemed as if in the midst of conscious life a door had been opened as in a moment, and he had passed through, to enter into the joy of his Lord.

His eldest daughter writes of him: "His life all through was a bright, living example of a Christian life; full of joy, cheerfulness, activity, and energy, and a never-ceasing endeavour to find out the right, and to do it fully."

MABEL FOWLER, <i>Tottenham.</i>	2 10	6 mo.	1863
Daughter of William and Rachel M. Fowler			
FRANCIS FOX, <i>Tottenham.</i>	65 22	12 mo.	1862
An Elder.			
FREDERIC NEWSOM FOX,	11 6	1 mo.	1863
<i>Gloucester.</i> Son of George F. and S. Ann Fox.			
JOHN FRANKLAND,	67 3	12 mo.	1862
<i>Morley, Cheshire.</i>			
ADAH MARIA FREEMAN,	26 12	9 mo.	1863
<i>Dartmouth.</i>			
ALEXANDER JOHN THOMAS			
FRETT,	38 3	12 mo.	1862
<i>Britford, Wiltshire.</i>			
ALICE FRITH, <i>Bath</i>	74 27	7 mo.	1863
JAMES FROST,	73 26	3 mo.	1863
<i>Macclesfield.</i>			
WILLIAM FULLER,	78 21	7 mo.	1863
<i>New Shildon, Durham.</i>			
MARY ANN FUNSTON,	70 30	11 mo.	1862
<i>Stoke Newington.</i>			
SAMUEL GATCHELL,	91 5	4 mo.	1863
<i>Mountmelick.</i>			
JOHN GAYNER,	74 27	3 mo.	1863
<i>Filton, near Bristol.</i>			
JAMES GIBB,	49 15	12 mo.	1862
<i>Peckham, Surrey.</i>			
MARGARET GIEB,	59 24	4 mo.	1863
<i>Peckham, Surrey.</i>	Widow of James Gibb.		

REBECCA GIBBINS,              70 10 12 mo. 1862

*The Craig, near Neath.* An Elder. Widow of Bevington Gibbins.

The subject of the following short sketch was a daughter of Samuel and Rebecca Tregelles, of Falmouth. Her childhood and early youth were marked by vivacity, and a lively perception of the beautiful, whether in art or nature, though in the gratification of her tastes at that time, as well as through the whole course of her life, she was careful to economise her time, and to engage with industry in whatever she undertook.

The death of her beloved mother, when Rebecca Tregelles was about nineteen years of age, was enough to cast a deep shade over her, and at the same time the many family cares and responsibilities in which it involved her elder sisters and herself, tended greatly to mature her character. This loss was followed in a few years by the cutting off in rapid succession of several of her fondly loved younger brothers and sisters; these sorrows were sanctified to her, producing an increased religious earnestness, and serving to fix her affections more on things above.

In the year 1825, Rebecca Tregelles settled near Neath, with two younger brothers. She was deeply impressed with the responsibility devolving

on her in this new home, to which she alludes in one of the few memoranda found amongst her papers.

Twelfth month, 12th, 1825. "My two dear brothers and I have been comfortably fixed in our new abode for nearly three weeks, in circumstances which call on us for the return of gratitude to Him, who is truly permitting us to feel that goodness and mercy continue to follow us. I believe the more than daily petition of my heart is, that we may be strengthened so fully and so continually to acknowledge Him before men in all our ways, that He may direct our paths, not permitting us to err either on the right hand or on the left."

About the same time she writes : "I trust the pain and condemnation I now feel may prove a sufficient warning to avoid the sin which has caused it, even that of joining in making jest of serious things, so far as I did by passing it by in silence, when I ought to have expressed decided disapprobation of the practice. I cannot forget the pleadings of the Spirit at the time, which wooed me to become its advocate, but I shrank from it and have brought darkness and sorrow on myself ; thus may I truly have been said to be

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend.'"

Somewhat of the same tenderness of conscience and sense of the importance of the influence which the Christian should hold as a stewardship may be traced in an incident which occurred at this period. A hawker called at the door, and was very importunate in offering his goods, and on not finding a purchaser was so displeased, that in his anger he broke out into intemperate and profane language. R. T. was exceedingly shocked, but allowed the man to leave the house unreproved. In vain did she try to see some excuse for her shrinking, in the belief that no word of remonstrance would have been heeded ; her debt to this poor man could not be forgotten ; she took a card on which she wrote some texts bearing on the subject of profane swearing, and others pointing the sinner to the Friend of sinners, with the assurance that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." This she put into her pocket, hoping that she might yet meet the man, though a stranger in that part of the country. The next time she went to the adjacent town, business took her to a street she little frequented, and at a corner she suddenly came close to him. The card was quickly transferred from her pocket to his hand; he read the texts, and with deep feeling, said, "I little thought that any one in this wide world cared for my poor soul."

The home with her brothers, which was one of much enjoyment and usefulness, was continued until her marriage in 1829, with Bevington Gibbins, of Neath. In writing of that event she says, "Although we neither of us flattered ourselves with the expectation of uninterrupted happiness, I cannot believe that there ever was a fairer prospect of it, so far as my allotment was concerned, for I felt that in his precious companionship mine was an overflowing cup of blessing. The home, too, was most gratifying to our taste, and often was I ready to adopt the language, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places." This bright scene was not of long duration, for in the eighth month, 1835, her beloved husband was suddenly called to his eternal rest, and she was left a widow with three little children. It seemed at first as though the "flesh and the heart would fail," but in this deep affliction she found "God to be the strength of her heart," as He has now become her "portion for ever."

Although the joy of her own outward life was so dimmed, yet from this time her sympathies were more than ever in exercise for others, and especially for her children; her earnest desire being, that her sorrows should bring no cloud over their young life.

For several years after the decease of her husband she continued to be concerned in the business he had carried on, which often required her close attention to important arrangements, but she did not allow her perplexities and anxieties to interrupt cheerful companionship with her children, or devotion to their education, which she superintended personally for several years. Her estimate of the importance of a liberal education was such that she relinquished for some years the comforts and advantages of a long cherished abode, with its local interests, and removed with her family to London, in order that her sons while pursuing their studies, might have a home with her. Having accomplished this object she returned to Wales, where she spent the last few years of her life in much happiness: her children and grandchildren were around her, and she had full capacity for enjoying their society, so that she seemed again to be realizing that the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places. To many other blessings, was added a remarkable share of health and vigour, contrasting strongly with her experience in this respect in past years.

But these mercies and enjoyments were by no means allowed to absorb her whole heart or time. If her children rose up and called her blessed,

there were not a few others who could testify to her Christian liberality of feeling and sound judgment, and her ever ready willingness to enter into the joys or trials of those who called for her sympathy ; indeed her personal influence was by no means circumscribed by her immediate circle, but was diffused and acknowledged very extensively. United with the desire to soothe the afflicted or suffering, our beloved friend possessed a remarkable skill in ministering to the sick, which gave her a ready entrance to invalids of all classes. Her Christian spirit availed itself of these opportunities to render assistance in cases of spiritual need, and thus was she made instrumental, it is humbly believed, in leading some to the Great Physician.

For many years R. B. Gibbins held the appointments of Overseer and Elder in the South division of Wales Monthly Meeting. Her great natural diffidence, and her sense of the responsibilities attached to these offices, and especially to the conducting of our discipline "impartially and in a Christian spirit," was such as to make her very much shrink from them ; but we believe this rather tended to render her services and counsels more valuable to her friends. She felt a warm attachment to our own Society, and had a thorough

conviction of the truth of the principles professed by it. Her view of the Gospel, and of the foundation of our hopes of salvation, were very clear, and she felt jealous of any expression, especially in the writings of our Society, which could in any way bear the construction of salvation by "works of righteousness," instead of through Him "by whose stripes we are healed." She was in the habit of daily reading to herself considerable portions of the Holy Scriptures, and would frequently make appropriate remarks on the parts she had been reading.

She had "known the Holy Scriptures from a child," and her faith in them was childlike; she had a ~~sure~~ persuasion that they were able to make her wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Her reading was varied in its character—books on natural history, and those which treated on the beautiful adaptations in the economy of nature, were particularly interesting to her, and her gratification was much enhanced when she could impart a similar taste to her young friends.

Delighting to dwell on maternal influence, she would in the course of her reading select passages bearing on this subject, commending them to others similarly situated. One of these was a

narrative called "Conversion through a Mother's Prayers," which was a great favourite, the very title being attractive to her, as representing that in which she had lively faith. Gladly did she render the assistance of her own experience to those who were just entering on the work of training, and she was very solicitous that every parent should feel as if a Divine injunction had been given, "Take this child, and nurse it for *Me*."

During the summer and autumn of 1862 a slight decline of health was apparent, but there did not seem to be much cause for anxiety until late in the autumn, and then it was hoped that her ailments would yield to proper treatment. Her symptoms, however, became more alarming about three weeks before her death, from which time she was entirely confined to her bed. Her weakness during this period was such as to make much conversation undesirable, and her loving attendants did not anticipate a fatal termination of her illness. At one time she alluded to the belief which had been expressed to her, when bowed down with affliction after the death of her husband, that she would be cared for by her Heavenly Father, and said, "How true it has been! I have been cared for in every way, and so comforted;" and at another time, "My cup of

blessing is full, I have not *one* thing left to desire." The disease seemed to be gradually yielding to the remedies applied, when the illness assumed another form, and within two days terminated in death. From the nature of the complaint words could not be spoken, yet evidences were not withheld that she was conscious of the Saviour's presence in the awful passage from time to eternity.

GILBERT GILKES,                    56 17 4 mo. 1863

*Spitalfields.*

SARAH GILPIN,                    71 24 9 mo. 1863

*Newcastle-on Tyne.* An Elder. Widow of Jas. Gilpin.

MARY ANN GREGG,                    93 2 12 mo. 1862  
*Lisburn, Co. Antrim.* Widow of Dominick Gregg.

ELIZABETH GREGORY,                    73 9 4 mo. 1863  
*Evesham.*

MARY GREEN,                    90 6 7 mo. 1862  
*Tullymore, Ireland.* Widow of John Green.

RACHEL GREENFIELD,                    15 22 2 mo. 1863  
*Banwell, near Sidcot.* Daughter of Edward and Lydia Greenfield.

GEORGE F. GRIMSHAW,                    19 26 2 mo. 1863  
*London.* Son of Frederick Grimshaw.

MARY GRIPPER,                    70 16 11 mo. 1862  
*Layer Breton, near Colchester.* Wife of Edward Gripper.

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HOWARD B. GRIPPER, 1 9 3 mo. 1863

*Colchester.* Son of Joseph and Anna Gripper.  
MARY GRUBB, *Clonmell.* 46 15 2 mo. 1863

HANNAH GRUBB, *Clonmell.* 96 6 5 mo. 1863

Widow of Robert Grubb.

ELIZABETH GOUNDRY, 91 28 8 mo. 1863

*Herne Bay, Kent.* Widow of William Goundry.

ELEANOR HALLIDAY, 31 15 2 mo. 1863

*Belfast.* Wife of Jacob Halliday.

JANE HALL, 90 30 9 mo. 1862

*Waverton, near Wigton.* Widow of Joseph Hall.

JAMES HARDWICK, *London.* 69 5 7 mo. 1863

KATHARINE HARDY, 30 2 8 mo. 1863

*Banbury.* Wife of Josiah Patrick Hardy.

EDITH HARRISON, 15 2 12 mo. 1862

*Braintree.* Daughter of John O. and Elizabeth Harrison.

ARTHUR L. HARRISON, 12 2 3 mo. 1863

*Braintree.* Son of John O. and Elizabeth Harrison.

In a former part of this volume an account is given of one of bright and ardent temperament, who was removed hence in his school-days, and who was enabled to testify after considerable mental conflict that his sins were forgiven for Jesus' sake. We have now to record the closing

hours of one of his school-fellows, of less demonstrative character, but one of the hidden lambs of the Saviour's fold, who was found prepared to meet the summons with joy, and not with grief.

The most striking feature of his earliest years was his simple, confiding faith ; he had, like all children, his trials of temper, but it is believed that he looked to Jesus for strength to overcome them, and that he did not look in vain. He told his mother once in serious conversation, that he wished to be a "soldier of Christ," and, when very young, those lines on the death of an aged minister, beginning, " Soldier of Christ, well done," took/great hold of his mind, and he often requested them to be repeated to him. A friend under whose care he was, for two years previous to his going to Ackworth, speaks of his tenderness of spirit and contrition for sin, when led into it, and these signs of an early surrender of the heart to Christ, were evident when he was laid on a bed of sickness. When asked in the early part of his illness, whether, if any change for the worse should come on, he felt it would be well with him, he replied, " Yes, he believed he should go to heaven," and, on being questioned as to the ground of such a hope, he said, " I love

Jesus, and He died for me." Further conversation elicited that he had had more thoughts on serious subjects since his sister's death, a few months previously.

(She whose name is also here recorded, with great patience and resignation waited for the end, having had an illness of many months' duration, during which she calmly acquiesced in her Heavenly Father's will, never having been heard to murmur, though fully aware from the first, what would be the probable result.)

For some days Arthur's state was not considered critical, but when the symptoms assumed an alarming character, and his parents were telegraphed for, it was felt needful to tell him he was not likely to recover, and that, possibly, he had not long to live. He seemed somewhat surprised, but did not make any response.

After a memorandum of his wishes respecting his little earthly treasures had been made, he was again asked respecting his prospects for the future, and if he had any comforting assurance to be conveyed to his parents. He replied with composure, "I have no doubts; my Saviour is dear to me;" indicating that he had wisely chosen the better part in time of health.

He much enjoyed hearing "Pilgrim's Progress"

read, asking for it and for some of his favourite hymns, several times, as well as for portions of Holy Scripture. The hymn beginning "One sweetly solemn thought," which he designated "Thomas Pumphrey's hymn," from hearing it adverted to in the account of our dear friend in the last *Annual Monitor*, was often referred to, and appeared to have impressed him deeply. It was a great favour that he suffered but little pain; his willingness to take all the support that was thought needful was very instructive, and he was calm and collected to the last.

About four on Second-day morning, a decided change for the worse was apparent, and he felt himself, that he should not live to see his parents, which he had begun to think possible. The 23rd Psalm was repeated to him, and he joined in himself, repeating most of the words. His breathing became more laborious, and he noticed his sight becoming dim, and said he could not distinguish colours. Then referring to "Pilgrim's Progress" again, probably in connection with his failing vision, he said, "I think I am in the enchanted ground now," and after a pause, "but I shall soon be in the land of Beulah," and on allusion being made to his being *helped* over the river, he did not appear quite satisfied, but said

he should have to go over *alone*, but that the shining ones would be waiting for him on the other side, evidently remembering the details of the allegory, even while the bodily powers were fast failing ; and on a hope being expressed that his Saviour's presence would be felt during the passage, he signified his assent. He again asked for "One sweetly solemn thought," and, to the surprise of those around, repeated the first line of each verse, as it was said to him, with apparent deep consciousness of his near approach to the "edge of the shore of death," the words "Jesus perfect my trust," being uttered with an affecting fervency. A short time afterwards, on its being remarked to him that suffering and weariness would soon be exchanged for joy unspeakable, he was quiet for a time, but soon after distinctly said "Joy!—joy!—joy!" and after an interval, "He is coming," and on inquiry, who? replied, "Jesus." In the last transient revival of strength he said, "There is now but a step between me and death," and made an observation on the suddenness of his removal, and his desire to be gone. On one of his attendants saying "Farewell, Arthur dear," he responded "Farewell," and very soon after, peacefully drew his last breath.

Thus was this young soldier in the Lamb's army, early called to exchange warfare for victory, conflict for repose. Can we doubt that for him the crown of life was waiting; that crown which is promised to all, older or younger, who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. "I love them that love me; and they that seek me early shall find me."

MARGARET HARRISON,            82 27 4 mo. 1863

*Kelveden, Essex.* Widow of Francis Harrison.

RICHARD HARRISON,            79 12 9 mo. 1863

*Warrington.*

JOSEPH HARTY, *Cork.*        63 18 1 mo. 1863

ABRAHAM HARTY, *Cork.*        11 18 1 mo. 1863

Son of Abraham Harty.

EMILY LOUISA HATTON, *Cork.* 1 20 4 mo. 1863

Daughter of John Hatton.

BENJAMIN HAUGHTON,        82 23 12 mo. 1862

*Banford, Moyallan, Ireland.*

ELIZABETH HAYHURST,        79 12 2mo. 1863

*Issington, near Alton, Hants.*

WYALL HAYWARD, *Finchley.* 66 6 9 mo. 1863

ANNA HEWLETT,            72 16 8 mo. 1863

*Worcester.* An Elder.

WILLIAM WATSON HEWITSON, 48 7 5 mo. 1863

*Headingley, near Leeds.*

MARY STRANGMAN HILL,        70 24 4 mo. 1863

*Waterford.*

MARIA HILLS, *Chelmsford.* 54 25 9 mo. 1863

EDWARD HOBSON, 75 24 1 mo. 1863

*Handsworth Woodhouse, near Sheffield.* An Elder.

MARIA HOBSON, 15 24 6 mo. 1863

*Moy, near Grange, Ireland.*

JOHN HOLGATE, 31 30 11 mo. 1862

*Thornton in Craven.*

WILLIAM BRANDRETH HOLMES,

*Heywood, near Rochdale.* 34 1 4 mo. 1863

HARRIET HOOPER, 31 29 4 mo. 1863

*Southampton.* Wife of Edward Hooper.

SYLVANUS HORSNAILL, 16 2 5 mo. 1863

*Rochester.* Son of William C. and Louisa Horsnaill.

CAROLINE HOWITT, 29 25 6 mo. 1863

*Heanor, Derbyshire.* Daughter of F. T. Howitt.

THOMAS HUDSON, 76 1 12 mo. 1862

*Sunderland.*

JOHN HUGHES, *Clonmel.* 60 4 1 mo. 1863

HENRY HUNT, *Bristol.* 82 5 12 mo. 1862

An Elder.

Trained in childhood under the influence of a pious mother, this dear friend was, about the age of sixteen, placed in a mercantile house in London, where he remained nearly seven years. To this period he often referred with peculiar comfort

and thankfulness, for he then not only acquired knowledge, highly valuable to himself and others, but in the heart of a great city and with few external aids, he was graciously cared for by his Heavenly Father, and, in the secret of his own soul, he responded to the visitations of the Lord's Spirit, and surrendered himself to the yoke of Christ his Saviour.

Leaving London and coming to reside at Bristol, he entered there upon an active course of life, which was marked by the conscientious endeavour to discharge its duties faithfully. Amidst growing responsibilities, he sought to use the talents entrusted to him, for the benefit of those within his sphere of influence. In the exercise of liberality taking heed to the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

In our religious Society, and all that appertained to its well being, he manifested a deep and abiding interest; and for a lengthened period gave willing service in a cause so near his heart. When too, from increasing disability, he was gradually withdrawn from active usefulness, his concern for the community with which he was connected, and for the temporal and eternal interests of his fellow men everywhere, remained unabated.

He had been privileged with much exemption from severe illness, which rendered the languor and suffering of the last three months a "new experience," as our beloved friend himself said, but his submission and deep thankfulness for abounding mercies were strikingly apparent, and, in seasons of bodily conflict, and the approach of death, the quiet confidence in which he was sustained told that his heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His views of the Christian life were eminently practical, and the habit of his mind was not favourable to much expression; yet the feeling acknowledgment from time to time was made, of his utter unworthiness in the Divine sight, and of the loving-kindness of which he was a partaker.

His faith was unwavering in the perceptible guidance and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit, and in the doctrine of redemption through our Lord and Saviour, which central truth had, in time long past, been brought home to him with power and clearness. Hence, Christ crucified was the Rock on which he built, and he ever experienced it to be a sure foundation.

The last words of Christian counsel he addressed to his household, after the morning reading, a few weeks before his close, were in

reference to the great atonement for the sins of the world, through which salvation is freely offered to fallen man.

His mind was unclouded to very near the end, and most gently was his spirit released, to be "ever with the Lord."

JOSIAH HUNT, *Hempston*, 57 1 12 mo. 1862  
*near Almondbury, Gloucestershire.*

ANNE HUNTON, *Ipswich*. 80 24 8 mo. 1863

JOHN JELLICO, 43 27 12 mo. 1862

*Harolds Cross, Dublin.*

ELIZABETH JERMYN, 78 13 2 mo. 1863

*Peckham, Surrey.* Widow of J. B. Jermyn.

DAVID JOHNSON, *Sheffield*. 71 28 2 mo. 1863

WILLIAM JOHNSON, 77 9 9 mo. 1863

*Chesham, Buckinghamshire.*

ROBERT JOWITT, *Leeds*. 78 19 12 mo. 1862

A Minister.

As a testimony on behalf of this dear friend was issued along with the minutes of the last Yearly Meeting, it seems scarcely needful to insert an extended notice of his life and labours, yet the records of the *Annual Monitor* would seem incomplete without a short sketch of his religious character.

As a young man, Robert Jowitt was distinguished by great conscientiousness, and, having

been brought early to see that something, much beyond a mere outward conformity to the letter of God's law, was required of him, it became his earnest desire to devote himself, heart and soul, to the Lord's service, and to live to His glory.

From the time of his marriage, in 1810, to Rachel Crewdson, of Kendal, in whom he found a true help-meet, and a wise counsellor, his life was increasingly marked by deepening religious fervour.

In 1821 he was acknowledged as a Minister. His services were much valued by the large circle of Friends in his own neighbourhood, and not less by those, who, in more distant parts of the kingdom, and in Ireland, at various times, shared in his labours in the cause of Christ; whilst the general estimation in which his character was held by the wider circle of his fellow-townsman and neighbours, bore witness to the consistency and uprightness of his walk. It was not his way to hide his religion in his intercourse with the world.

Without the gifts of genius, his well balanced mind, sound good sense, uniform benevolence, and earnest adherence to what he believed to be right, gave him a place in the esteem and in the hearts of men, enjoyed by few. It was often his

concern to inculcate the duty and the privilege of prayer ; and, in his own life he realized the blessedness of this privilege. Not only morning and evening, alone, and with his family, but on many other occasions was he in the habit of retiring for private reading of the Scriptures, and prayer.

He was very solicitous for the welfare of young men, and often gave to such a kind and faithful word of warning and encouragement. Whilst he deeply loved the Society to which he belonged, and laboured and prayed for its good, he was singularly free from sectarian narrowness. His heart and his sympathies were wide as the world. The Bible Society, the cause of Negro Slavery, and the spread of the principles of Peace, were prominent objects of his untiring support. The relief of distress, the mitigation of human suffering of every kind, and the elevation of the degraded and ignorant, had a large place in his thoughts, and were pursued with a remarkable combination of wisdom, zeal, and perseverance.

But those who knew Robert Jowitt most intimately would consider this sketch of him very imperfect, if it did not prominently allude to his constantly humble views of himself and his own doings. This was indeed a striking feature in his character. He was no stranger to joy and

peace in believing, yet was it a joy greatly tempered by a deep sense of his own unworthiness. He rejoiced with trembling. He felt himself to be an "unprofitable servant." He well knew that there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby he could be saved, than that of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

The last few years of his life were shaded by much mental and bodily weakness; but even amid this, the depth of his religious feeling, and his habitual spiritual mindedness were consolingly and instructively exemplified. And now, having served his generation by the will of God, he has fallen asleep in Jesus.

**JOSEPH JOWITT,**                    63 6 4 mo. 1863

*Bishop Thornton, near Harrogate.*

**JOHN KEISALL,**                    56 13 6 mo. 1863

*Quernmore, near Lancaster.*

**JOHN KENDAL,**                    69 11 6 mo. 1863

*Burton-in-Lonsdale, Yorkshire.*

**MARY KEWELL, Ipswich.**      71 10 6 mo. 1863

**CAROLINE KIDD,**                    70 3 6 mo. 1863

*Godalming. Widow of Benjamin Kidd.*

**MARTHA GUNDY KIDD,**        43 27 6 mo. 1863

*Bristol. Wife of Richard Kidd.*

**ISABEL KITCHING,**                92 1 12 mo. 1862

*Stamford Hill. An Elder. Wife of John Kitching.*

This dear Friend was, through divine grace, enabled from an early period, and throughout a lengthened pilgrimage, to shew forth by her humble, watchful, Christian course, her faith in redeeming love and mercy.

She was married at Hull, in 1796, after which, in the faithful discharge of her duties as a wife, she shared with her beloved husband the joys and sorrows of life, for the unusually extended period of sixty-six years.

She was not one who stood prominently forward; but, loving her Saviour, she was ever glad to lend a helping hand, and to encourage those whose chief care she believed it to be to promote His cause; indeed, she never appeared more in her element than when sympathizing with and cheering such as these; and many a weary Zion-ward traveller has found under the roof of her dear husband and self a calm and peaceful retreat.

An apostle has said, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." This evidence of spiritual life was strikingly furnished by our departed friend, and continued to be so till near the end of her days.

Even when her mental powers became somewhat obscured, she still was evidently soothed and

comforted by any allusion to the "Better Country;" and we reverently believe that He whom she sought to serve in her gentle and quiet walk, has received her unto Himself with the gracious language, "Well done! good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

HENRY KNIGHT,                    80 10 2 mo. 1863

*Lluwynderw, near Swansea.*

MARY KNIGHT,                    52 16 3 mo. 1863

*Halsted, Essex.*

ANN KNIGHT,                    70 4 11 mo. 1862

*Member of Witham Mo. Meeting.*

This dear Friend was the daughter of the late Wm. and Priscilla Knight, and received from her parents a guarded education in our Society, to the principles of which she remained firmly attached through life. She devoted herself much to philanthropic objects, and very early took an active part in the emancipation of the negroes in the West Indies. So generally were her exertions on this subject known and estimated, that one of the first villages built for the accommodation of the freed blacks was called Knightsville, out of respect to her. The following anecdote on this subject is characteristic of her. On one occasion, soon after the grant of twenty millions had been awarded by this country as a compensation to the owners of

the slaves, Ann Knight met, at the house of William Allen, a young man who had been sent to England for education, and who was the owner of a considerable number of slaves. He was speaking with some satisfaction of the sum he was likely to receive, when she turned suddenly round upon him and said, "And what wilt thou do with the blood money?" "Do with the blood money!" he replied, appearing quite startled, "What do you mean?" The effect on the individual was such that, on receiving the money, he appropriated it to the use of his emancipated people. He confessed afterwards that the expression fixed like an arrow in his heart, and that he could not be easy until he had performed this act of justice.

For perhaps the last twenty years of her life A. K. resided most of her time in France. She had an agreeable residence in Paris, where she was on friendly terms with many public and philanthropic characters. About two years previous to her decease, she removed to the lovely village of Waldersbach, and took up her abode in the family of the worthy pastor, the grandson and successor of Oberlin. A considerable portion of her time, her talents, and her means, were devoted to the good of the simple, unsophisticated inhabitants of the beautiful valleys of the Ban de la

Roche, by whom she was greatly valued and beloved. Firmly believing in the truths of the Gospel herself, she was enabled, in measure, to contribute to their spiritual as well as temporal need, as appears from the testimony of those who had the opportunity of making the observation.

On the 20th of Tenth month, while conversing with her friends after the evening meal, she was attacked with something of a paralytic seizure; from this she seemed to recover, but in a few days apoplectic symptoms ensued, which soon deprived her of speech and consciousness, and on the 4th of Eleventh month she quietly and peacefully passed away.

SARAH BODEN KNIGHT,      80 17 10 mo. 1862

*Croydon.* Widow of Edward Knight.

ELLEN LABREY, *Kenilworth.* 18 7 10 mo. 1862

Daughter of William Labrey.

BENJAMIN LAMB,      71 18 2 mo. 1863

*Sibford Gower.*

THOMAS LAMB, *Banbury.* 27 4 7 mo. 1863

LYDIA LAWRENCE, *Bristol.* 83 14 11 mo. 1862

Widow of Samuel Lawrence.

ANN LAWTON, *Liverpool.* 76 18 12 mo. 1862

ELIZABETH LEAROYD,      78 7 4 mo. 1863

*Finedon, Northamptonshire.* Widow of Richard Learoyd.

ELIZABETH LENCH,                62    5    6 mo. 1863  
*Peckham, Surrey.*

ISAAC LEVITT, *Ackworth.*      68    8 11 mo. 1862

It is scarcely possible that any young person can have passed the time of his education at Ackworth School, during the thirty years previous to 1860, without retaining some affectionate remembrance of the late Isaac Levitt. By both boys and girls he was looked upon as an indulgent friend. His playful humour and vivacity have left behind many pleasant recollections ; but there was also an amount of religious sensibility in his character beyond what was perceived by his young friends, and a short remembrance of him in the *Annual Monitor* will, it is believed, be read by many in far distant parts with interest, and some degree of religious profit.

Isaac Levitt was the son of Isaac and Hannah Levitt, and was born at Coggeshall, in Essex, the 11th of 11th month, 1794. He appears to have commenced business at Woodbridge in Suffolk, and at the age of twenty-six was married at Ipswich, to Caroline, daughter of Robert and Martha Walpole, of Long Stratton, in Norfolk. But in about two years from their marriage, our friend's affectionate feelings were put to a severe trial by the death of his beloved partner.

In 1831, he removed from Woodbridge, to take the situation of shoemaker at Ackworth School ; and in 1832, having been ten years a widower, was married to Mary, daughter of Joseph Donbavand, then lately deceased, and who was well known to the previous generation as a distinguished writing master. This union was the source of much comfort and happiness for the remaining thirty years of his life.

He who is endeavouring rightly to fill the place assigned him by his Heavenly Father, in however humble a sphere, affords to those who know him an example not less instructive than that of others, who, with greater talents and opportunities, move in a much wider circle. A lesson like this, the life of our dear friend was calculated to teach, while in the diligent and punctual exercise of his avocation the years rolled away.

Blessed with "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,"—feeling tenderly for the poor and distressed, and ready to help them even to his own straitening,—having ever a kind word and pleasant smile for the little children he passed on the road,—loving to spend the intervals of labour, whether in the morning, noon, or evening, in the perusal of the Holy Scriptures,—and rejoicing in the welfare of the Church, and in the privilege of

meeting with his friends in religious fellowship, as far as his influence extended, it was felt to be for good. It happened to him on one or two occasions in the course of his life to be greatly tried by unkind and unworthy conduct in some who had even been indebted to him for his good services. Yet under these circumstances he was enabled to show forth the Christian virtue of forgiveness. He neither reproached nor stigmatized their conduct, but evinced a remarkable degree of that charity, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Though very careful not to express more than he felt, and slow to speak of his own experience, yet his surviving partner is able to testify that he looked to the Lord Jesus alone for salvation, and that love and gratitude to his Saviour was a ruling principle of his life. When, therefore, in 1860, he retired from his situation at the Friends' School, he enjoyed a short but tranquil repose, waiting in trustful confidence for the final summons, whenever it might come.

In the autumn of 1861, Isaac Levitt had repaired early one morning to a friend's house, to join a party who were going to Leeds to the Quarterly Meeting, and ran hastily back to fetch his cloak, but on regaining the house became suddenly ill, and sank into a state of unconsciousness.

He was, the following day, removed to his own residence, which he never left again, till he was conveyed to the “house appointed for all living.”

Several days after the seizure, on becoming for the first time sensible of his precarious situation, he expressed to his wife his resignation and prospect of eternal happiness with the redeemed. A friend calling in, he wished to have a portion of Scripture read to him. Parts of the 61st, 62nd, and 63rd Psalms were selected, to which he listened with much feeling, and expressed the comfort they yielded him.

Then followed months of helplessness, and occasional loss of memory ; but generally the sick room was one of cheerful quiet or of joyful anticipation. For more than a year he was confined to a bed of languishing ; and as the close drew near, he learnt by heart, and delighted to repeat Carey’s hymn, beginning

“ One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o’er and o’er :  
I’m nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.”

The last request he made was to hear this hymn once more from the lips of his wife, and after the closing lines,

"Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith ;  
Let me feel thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death,  
Feel thee near when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink."

he signified the comfort and peace which they yielded him. How near the brink he was soon became apparent. He was taken worse, became instantly speechless, and two days afterwards, expired.

His end was peace ; and the unruffled calm that had so long marked the sick chamber seemed to linger about the apartment of the dead. No gloom hung over it. On the day after his departure, in the quiet of a First-day afternoon, a little girl from the village rapped at the door, and modestly asked "if she might see Mr. Levitt?" She was admitted, and stood some time close to the low couch on which the remains lay : a touching instance of a child's attachment!

One who had lived some years at Ackworth, writing to his widow, observes : "I am sure I prize his memory ; and am glad to have known one, who, as far as lay in his power, was a helper-on in the heavenward road. Example speaks louder than precept, and though I do not remember much or anything in the way of religious

counsel, yet I do feel that thy dear husband has been one of those who has helped me to feel and to know that religion is a reality, not a set of notions."

JOSEPH JOHN LIDBETTER, 10 22 5 mo. 1863

*Plymouth.* Son of James Lidbetter.

ROBERT LINDSEY, *Sale,* 62 20 6 mo. 1863

*near Manchester.* A Minister.

He was the son of Richard and Mary Lindsey, of Gildersome, near Leeds; parents who sought to train their children in the fear of God.

"In my very young years," he says in his journal, "almost as early as I can remember, I was made sensible of the visitations of divine love." In the eleventh year of my age I was sent to Ackworth School, and here I was again preciously visited with the Day-spring from on high; and I can recollect to this day, and probably shall as long as memory lasts, a particular place within those walls, where my tears were poured out before the Lord, and my heart melted as wax before the fire." These good impressions were, however, greatly lost sight of after he left school, and the next few years were years of much wandering and much danger, the retrospect of which caused him, nevertheless, to adore the goodness of the Lord, whose merciful kindness was even then

extended towards him. Under His providential care he was once more placed in a guarded situation, and the visitations of His love were again and again renewed to him.

In the year 1828, he was united in marriage to Sarah Crosland, of Bolton-le-moors, in Lancashire. "After my marriage," he writes, "I was too much inclined, in the comfort of an affectionate wife, to forget the Giver of all my blessings, and seemed disposed to settle down at ease, and to disregard the voice of Him who was pleased, again and again to call unto me, as in the cool of the day, 'Adam, where art thou ?' And seeing the danger I was in, he was pleased to send trials and difficulties, thus convincing me of the truth that here we have no continuing city." Nor was he taught only by trial. An evening walk by the sea side at Blackpool, in 1833, appears to have been to him a time of very remarkable visitation, during which the consequences of a life of selfish ease, and of dedication of heart to the Lord, were placed before him in vivid contrast.

The York Quarterly Meeting of Twelfth month, 1837, was another time never to be forgotten by him: the ministry of Hannah C. Backhouse greatly impressed him on this occasion. "My soul," he says, "was bowed in humble reverence

before the God of my life, and I was led to cry  
‘Do what thou wilt with me O God, only be thou  
with me in the way which I go.’ My heart was  
melted within me at the unmerited goodness of  
the Lord to me, a poor, sinful, lost creature, that  
he should thus deign to visit me.”

A severe attack of typhus fever, a few months  
after this, proved to be another means of much  
blessing to his soul.

Under date, Seventh month, 1838, he  
writes, “ After a lapse of eleven weeks, I again  
resume my pen, which period has been to me, I  
think, the most eventful of my life, and in which  
it has pleased the great Arbiter of life and death  
to bring me to the very gates of death, and to set  
before my view the immensely important realities  
of another and a future state of being; and  
forcibly to shew me that the concerns of this  
world, in comparison therewith, are lighter than  
a feather in the balance. In the course of my  
illness my mind was very much depressed, and  
I was tossed as in a tempest, not having an  
assurance that my sins were forgiven me for  
Christ’s sake, and in the awful prospect of  
putting off mortality it was shown that they  
had been many and grievous against a gracious  
Lord and Master.”

After this illness, he seems to have been strengthened in a greater degree than before to give up his heart to the transforming power of divine grace. He was enabled more openly to confess Christ before men, first, though often greatly to the trial of his faith, in the way of privately pleading with some on the error of their ways, and afterwards, more publicly, in our meetings for worship.

In the Tenth month of 1843, Robert Lindsey was recorded as a Minister by Friends of Brighouse Monthly Meeting, and in the autumn of the following year, he was liberated by them to visit the families of Friends in Manchester, in conjunction with another minister from the same Monthly Meeting. The year following, he was occupied in Liverpool in the same manner, and the next year he paid a religious visit to Friends in Ireland. Simple faithfulness to what he believed to be his Heavenly Father's will was a marked feature of the Christian character of our dear friend; and for the next fifteen years his time was, with very short intervals of repose, almost exclusively devoted to various engagements in the service of the gospel. An extended visit to Friends in the United States of North America occupied about four years and three-quarters, and

three years and a half were spent in various religious engagements in Australia, Van Dieman's Land, New Zealand, and some parts of South Africa. On his return from this visit, he was occupied several months in religious service among Friends in the north of Ireland, and not long afterwards, in company with his beloved wife, he entered upon his last extensive travels in the Western and Southern Hemispheres, which occupied nearly four years more. Both from his verbal reports to the different meetings which liberated him for these various religious services, and from the accounts published by direction of the Yearly Meeting, so many interesting particulars respecting them have long been known to Friends, that it would be inappropriate in this short sketch to attempt to go over the same ground. Any details, either with regard to the deep exercises of spirit he had to pass through prior to these engagements, or the trials from within and from without which had to be borne, would be equally out of place here, but the following short extracts from his journal, written after his return from the second of these long journeys, will be interesting to many.

First month, 23, 1856, "About six o'clock, had the inexpressible comfort of being restored to

the bosom of my family, after an absence of a little more than three years and a half, and the additional satisfaction of finding all in good health. Thus hath the Lord, in the abundings of his mercy, been pleased to lead about and to instruct a very poor and unworthy one ; shielding me from dangers on every hand, enabling me to fulfil from day to day the various little services required, and in the end, when these were accomplished, hath been mercifully pleased to bring me back again to my native land, and to my own sweet home, in the enjoyment of that peace which the world cannot give. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me ?”

First month, 29th. “ Have spent a week at home in the bosom of my family, a season of as great enjoyment as I ever remember, surrounded by every blessing,—wife, children, friends, and a sufficiency of the things of this life to supply all our wants, and a little to spare for others, and above all, a peaceful mind, and a capacity to enjoy with a thankful heart the blessings of a merciful and bountiful Creator.”

In the Eleventh month of 1861, a few months after returning from his last journey, R. L. had a very slight attack of paralysis. This, and other symptoms of declining strength, were regarded by him as gentle warnings that his end

was not far off, and this, to use his own words, "has brought me, at times, into great searching of heart. I feel that there is yet much lacking in me, and I am again and again brought to see that after all I have nothing to trust to but the free and unmerited mercy of God in Christ Jesus, our blessed and holy Redeemer."

In the Spring of 1862, from a sense of religious duty, he removed with his family to Manchester, and was for some time engaged in visiting the meetings and families of Friends in Hardshaw East and Hardshaw West Monthly Meetings.

The following winter his infirmities increased so much that he was chiefly confined to his house. As the Spring of 1863 advanced, longing to breathe the fresh air of the country, he removed to Sale, a few miles from the busy city, but though he enjoyed the change, no permanent benefit followed, and his feebleness increased. Now and then he was able to be drawn in his Bath chair to the Meeting, and unite in spiritual communion with his friends; but after the 10th of Fifth month this too had to be given up. The words, "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching," were, in a broken manner, dwelt upon by our dear friend at this, his last Meeting.

Soon after this he seemed almost daily to grow worse, and as he felt that his life was fast drawing to a close, he was often much contrited in spirit, and seemed humbled under a sense of his own unworthiness of the mercy of his Heavenly Father. He had no fear of death, but looked forward to it as a happy release. Though many of the last years of his life had been peculiarly distinguished by almost unremitting devotedness to the service of his Lord, and by those who knew him, it might be truly said of him, that "he was a faithful man and one who feared God above many," yet he was himself prone to dwell upon his shortcomings, and the feeling of the poor publican seemed the frequent covering of his spirit. He had no works of his own to rest on, but, as he often said, "his only hope was in the free mercy of God, in Christ Jesus."

He much enjoyed to be read to from the Scriptures and other good books, and often asked to be prayed for. At times he would dwell upon his unnumbered blessings in being so cared for, and in having so many kind friends; the visits of these were much appreciated by him, but their words of encouragement, or their belief that he would be received into the joy of his Lord with the

welcome, " Well done, good and faithful servant," would sometimes excite the remark afterwards that " what was said seemed too good for him," and again, " if there was mercy for such a poor creature as he, then none need despair."

On one occasion, his family being at his request collected round him, in a feeble and broken voice he expressed the yearnings of his heart towards his dear children. He reminded them of the Lord's gracious dealings with them, and entreated them to make the full surrender of their hearts to the Saviour, urging upon them the vanity of any other trust, and begging them not to let the world, or any of its glittering pleasures, draw them aside from the path in which their Heavenly Father designed them to walk. He pressed them to look to the Lord Jesus, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, though he was the Lord of Glory, yet died for us ; to take Him for their example and counsellor, in all their trials and temptations to bring their cause before Him, to cast all their care upon Him, and to think nothing too hard to do or to give up for His sake, who suffered so much for them. So doing, he assured them that the Lord would bless them, would lead them safely along, and would give them that peace which the world could not take

away, and would prepare them for their dying bed. As for himself, he felt he had fallen far short of the mark, but he had been helped along, and through the rich mercy of God in Christ Jesus, he believed his sins were forgiven, and that he would be received into one of those many mansions which Christ had prepared for his people. Finally, he commended them to God, and to the word of His grace, which alone could keep them from falling. Then his strength seemed exhausted, and he affectionately bade them each farewell, desiring that the Lord would bless them.

He had had previously one very severe spasmodic attack, which alarmed his attendants very much ; several more of a similar character came on after this interview with his children, occasioning severe suffering, and leaving him still weaker. Nature shrunk from the conflict, but the dear invalid was enabled most patiently to endure all, and said he dared not ask for a respite. He longed to be gone, and often thought the hour was come, but felt the need of waiting in submission. Wearisome days and nights were indeed appointed unto him, yet he was uncomplaining. His beloved wife was strengthened to sit up with him every night for two or three weeks, and to be with him in his severe sufferings, at which times her presence seemed almost indispensable to his comfort.

About the 10th of Sixth month his mind began at times to wander, and from that time, though generally knowing his friends, and often speaking quite collectedly, he seemed to have nothing left to do here below. He gradually took less and less notice of what was passing around him, till on the morning of the 20th he fell into a kind of stupor, from which he never revived, and about eight o'clock in the evening the purified spirit was released from the frail and suffering body.

MARGARET LUCAS, *Hitchin.* 83 1 6 mo. 1863

An Elder.

ELIZABETH EMMA LUCAS, 55 22 7 mo. 1863

*Luton.* Wife of Thomas W. Lucas.

AGNES LUKE, *Belfast.* 92 4 8 mo. 1863

JOHN MACKELLOW, 90 27 11 mo. 1862

*Maidstone.*

The subject of this memoir was born of parents in very low circumstances in life, who were not members of our Society, and he had none of those advantages which are now so largely enjoyed by many children. In early manhood he enlisted in the army, and for a time was noted as one of the most hardened and depraved, until the Lord in His unutterable love and mercy was pleased to visit him. Many and severe were his mental

conflicts until, faithful to the invitations of the Holy Spirit, he yielded his heart to His renewing influences, and refused not to become a fool in the estimation of his comrades.

This change in our dear friend seems to have been brought about without any outward teaching at that time, and He whose office it is to shew unto us the things of Jesus, led him into the glorious liberty of the children of God, and enabled him humbly to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour. For some time he had much persecution to endure, in consequence of his faithfulness to his Lord and Master; but such was the influence of his example, and so strikingly had this great change affected his whole outward life, that he ultimately became as much beloved and respected, both by officers and privates, as he had been before notorious among them for insubordination and profligacy. Before he was aware that such a people existed, he had adopted, to a large extent, the same views of Christian doctrine as are held by the Society of Friends, and shortly after leaving the army he joined himself to them. He sincerely believed that all war is incompatible with the precepts of the Gospel, and it was with heartfelt thankfulness that he recorded the preserving care of his Heavenly Father, in that

whilst engaged in the profession of arms, he had been kept from taking any man's life.

Our dear friend was a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and laboured much in the cause of temperance, rejoicing that he was able, after experiencing the benefits of this system for many years, to recommend the practice unhesitatingly to all persons in health. In reference to this subject he was, on his death-bed, anxiously concerned for two individuals who had not been faithful to their pledge, and for whose return he had long laboured, leaving affecting and appropriate messages to be delivered to them after his death.

He was also much interested in other movements tending to benefit his fellow-creatures, and it may be safely said, that through a large portion of a long and useful life he was a bright example of practical Christianity.

Notwithstanding his increasing infirmities, consequent on advanced age, he was able to get about until a week before his decease, when he had an attack of bronchitis. He dozed much during the first days of his illness, and at times, when awake, seemed unconscious of the presence of those around him, but on the night but one before his departure he revived, and was favoured to remain sensible to the close.

On first regaining his consciousness, he said to two dear friends who were watching him, "I feel as though I must once more tell you what the Lord has done for my soul;" and then he recounted some of the many remarkable dispensations of Providence through which he had passed.

Sending a message to a friend at a distance, he said, "Give my love to her, my dear love, tell her with me all is well. I feel myself as a brand plucked from the burning, and I cannot be grateful enough to my Heavenly Father who has provided a way for me; for none of my own works could do it. I do not believe that any one who went so far astray in their younger days but must feel it a heavy burden, even though they feel that they are forgiven."

At another time, to the same friend, he said, "What a beautiful prospect I have before me! but what would it have been if my dear Saviour had not gone to prepare a place for me?"

On one occasion, to his daughter and her husband, he said, "All is, and will be well! I have committed myself to the same keeping to which I have committed you." And then he solemnly added, "Keep near to Him, very near to Him, and He will always be near to you. Work while it is day."

He appeared to be favoured with the unclouded presence of his Saviour, and to be permitted a joyful anticipation of the glory which, through redeeming mercy, was prepared for him. Once, stretching forth his arms, he exclaimed, with a heavenly radiance beaming on his countenance, "What a beautiful prospect! It's wonderful! It's wonderful!"

He was preserved from severe bodily pain, and sank at last calmly and gradually. When near the close he said, with a sweet smile, "This is death. I long to be gone. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." Shortly after, he raised himself gently on one arm, and looking at his daughter with a triumphant smile, waved the other several times, in token of victory. His Saviour's name was the last word on his lips, and near midnight he quietly ceased to breathe. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

ELIZABETH MANDER,                65 24 3 mo. 1863

*Sibford Gower.*

HANNAH MARRIAGE,                69 20 8 mo. 1863

*Chelmsford.*

ELIZABETH MARSDEN,                87 11 9 mo. 1862

*Wooldale, near Huddersfield.* Widow of Henry Marsden.

PHILLIS MARSH, *Ipswich.* 73 15 11 mo. 1862

Widow of George F. Marsh.

WILLIAM MARSHALL, *Leeds.* 70 11 1 mo. 1863

This dear friend had, for some years previous to his decease, been a great invalid ; and his meek and humble spirit under trial and sickness, conveyed much instruction to those around him. It is hoped that a few particulars respecting him may be animating to some weary ones, and prove to them how good it is to trust in the Lord alone. During most of his life, which was a chequered one, he was resident in Leeds, but after a serious illness in the winter of 1859, he removed to Matlock Bank, where he spent the few remaining years of his life. His two daughters, one of them a confirmed invalid, shared with him his comfortable home, often experiencing that he was the sunshine of it. There were, indeed, seasons when he passed through deep conflict of spirit, known fully only to himself and his God ; yet were there also many occasions, when, in the remembrance of his Heavenly Father's goodness, and His help and deliverance in times of difficulty, he could humbly and joyfully adopt the lines :—

“ His love in times past, forbids me to think  
He will leave me at last in trouble to sink ;  
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,  
Confirms His good pleasure to help me safe through.”

By such a trust as this, he was remarkably sustained when attacked with the illness above alluded to, in the winter of 1859.

At its commencement he remarked to one of his daughters, "Do not be alarmed, my dear, I am in good hands, and if it please the Lord to cut short the work now, I would say, 'Thy will be done.' I have nothing of my own to rely on, but the promises of my Saviour are, Yea and Amen for ever, and they support me in this extremity. An increased confidence in his Saviour was particularly noticed during this illness, so that at times his prospect of heaven was very bright. He said in reply to a remark made by his daughter, "Ah! yes, my love, we have a kind Heavenly Father who loves us, and I do feel my Saviour very near to me."

Change of air and scene being recommended, the dear invalid spent some time at Thorp Arch, where he rallied considerably, previous to his settlement at Matlock. He generally visited his native town two or three times in the course of the year; and these were often occasions of much spiritual, as well as social enjoyment.

Though he fully admitted that to the soul that was earnest after good, time and place had little to do with heavenly communion, yet, when assembled with his dear friends, he often felt his

faith strengthened, and ability given to take fresh courage and press onward in his Christian course.

The last time he spent in Leeds was in the 9th month of 1862. It was rather a lengthened visit ; and he was privileged to attend the Quarterly Meeting, which he thoroughly enjoyed. He wrote respecting this period, “I have felt the great Head of the Church in the midst of us, and I believe many have been enabled to come and drink largely at the living fountain. Mayest thou and I ever keep very near, living as by the day, our eye steadfastly fixed on the Rock of Ages, alone relying on the blood of our Saviour for pardon.”

It was his custom to spend Sabbath evenings with his invalid daughter, and very precious to the survivor will ever be the remembrance of those favoured seasons : the instructive reading, the silent pause, the fervent prayer from the beloved one, and the calming influence left upon the mind, often made the hours appear far too short, and seemed to bring a sweet though faint foretaste of the joys of the redeemed. Especially was this the case during the last Sabbath he spent on earth.

He kindly appropriated his little parlour to the use of Friends visiting Matlock, for holding their meetings for worship. These often proved seasons

of spiritual consolation and refreshment. It was so on this occasion to our dear friend, and he was more than usually bright that day. He went upstairs to his daughter when the meeting was over, and told her what a favoured time it had been, remarking what a privilege he considered it, to have such opportunities at his house ; naming some friends who had remained behind, with whom he had comforting and encouraging converse ; adding, " Oh, these brooks by the way, how nice they are, and how sweet it will be if through the love and mercy of the Lord, we are all permitted to meet around his throne at last ! What cause for rejoicing then ! "

After an early tea, he went up stairs to spend the evening with his daughter. On coming into the room, he said so cheerfully, " I hope we shall have a nice evening together." He sat down by the bedside, and taking his daughter's hand, spoke in a most striking and encouraging manner of the hope in which they were each trusting, expressing his belief, that if they were separated, it would be but for a little while, and that they would soon be permitted to meet again, where partings are unknown. He then turned to some verses, which he read very impressively, as though he fully realised their meaning :—

" Soon and for ever--this promise our trust,  
Tho' ashes to ashes, and dust unto dust;  
Soon and for ever, our union shall be  
Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in Thee," &c.

On going down stairs, he remarked what a happy evening they had passed, and told his other daughter, on her remarking how bright he looked, that he thought it had done them both good. To these sisters the thought had often occurred that their beloved parent was fast ripening for heaven; yet little were they anticipating what was so soon to come upon them.

On Third-day morning he rose feeling very languid, but seemed better in the evening, and before retiring for the night sent a message to his daughter, that he hoped to be all right by morning; but He who doeth all things well had appointed otherwise. During the night and day following, other and more alarming symptoms came on, and from this time with but little exception he grew steadily worse.

Though often feeling too weak to speak much, he had a pleasant smile of recognition for all who entered the room, whilst the peaceful calm with which he was favoured shed a holy influence on all around. The overshadowing of redeeming love seemed to clothe all as with a garment of peace and praise, rather than that of

mourning. On one occasion when left alone with his eldest daughter, he bade her take courage, saying, "I know thou wilt feel lonely, we have been so closely united; but keep thy trust still in Him who will never leave thee nor forsake thee. He who has been with me all my life long, has proved Himself a good Master, and though I have often been unfaithful, He will not cast me off now. I trust alone in the merits of my dear Saviour, to whom belong honour, glory, and praise."

On the morning of his decease, whilst his family were gathered around him, he said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." On one inquiring, "Canst thou not also say, 'Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life?'" he quickly replied, "I can, I can." Again it was asked, "Does not faith enable thee also to say, 'I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever?'" he meekly responded, "I believe, I trust I shall, but *all* the praise is due to my Saviour." Two hours before his decease he appeared to have done with all earthly things, and lay patiently waiting for the coming of his Lord. At nine o'clock, the hour at which one

short week before, he was preparing for an earthly Sabbath, he received the summons, and entered, as we reverently trust, into the joy of his Lord. To Him be all the praise!

THOMAS MARSHALL, 64 18 10 mo. 1862

*Aspley Guise, Bedfordshire.*

WILLIAM JACOB MARTIN, 46 30 4 mo. 1863

*Enniscorthy.*

THOMAS MASON, *York.* 69 7 11 mo. 1862

JANE MATTHEWS, 80 24 12 mo. 1862

*Earls Colne, Essex.* Widow of William Matthews.

JOSEPH METFORD, 87 9 2 mo. 1863

*Congresbury.*

ELIZABETH MIDGLEY, 39 18 4 mo. 1863

*Saffron Walden.* Widow of James H. Midgley.

It is animating to mark the progress of the Christian life in those who have been taken from us, knowing that, though no less subject than ourselves to various temptations, they have proved the reality of the assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee." If more obviously in some than in others, the natural tendencies seem to be opposed to their growth in this grace, it is not for us to know how much those who appear the most favoured have in secret to contend with the evil of their own hearts; and when at length we

can thankfully believe that the “warfare is accomplished,” we are bound in every instance to ascribe *all* the glory, to the riches of His grace alone, “wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.”

This dear friend was the eldest daughter of Jabez and Ann Gibson, of Saffron Walden, where she was born in the Eighth month of 1823. In early life she was, it is believed, through the drawings of her Heavenly Father’s love, led to the Saviour. Having taken up the cross, she gradually became stronger in the Christian warfare, and was enabled to walk humbly and watchfully in the path assigned to her.

In 1846 she was united in marriage to James Midgley, and removed to Liverpool; but their health being delicate, they subsequently settled at Saffron Walden, in 1851. In 1858 she was called to resign her beloved and affectionate partner, after having, a few weeks previously, lost a sweet babe of three months old. Her health, already much shattered, was never fully restored after these sore bereavements. At a later period, when under the influence of increased pulmonary disease, the lengthened illness and decease of her beloved sister, J. B.,\* closely affected her loving

\* For a short account of whom, see *Annual Monitor* for 1861.

heart. She was, however, enabled to accept her various trials, as merciful chastenings from the hand of her Heavenly Father; and it cannot be doubted they were made the means of drawing her nearer to her Saviour.

She was often brought under much feeling for the spiritual welfare of those around her, and believed herself called upon publicly to confess her sense of the love of Christ. After passing through much mental conflict, she was made willing to express a few words in our meetings for worship. Many can bear witness to her persevering efforts, under much physical suffering and weakness, to prove her love and allegiance to her Lord, by assembling with her friends for Divine worship; and on these occasions, her lively offerings of Christian counsel and encouragement were often sweetly instructive.

In private retirement her beloved children were much upon her heart, and frequent were her petitions at the throne of grace on their behalf. Under date 12th mo., 1859, she writes in her private memoranda: "It sometimes comes very close to me when thinking of my dear children, how soon, in all probability, they may be left motherless, but at other times I feel I can resign these endeared treasures into a tender, loving

Father's hand, and He can, and I believe will bless and be with them, all through the changing scenes of this life, and in the end will, I trust, be near to support them, and admit them into that city whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise. Oh, that the few remaining days of my life may be spent to His glory, who has been a tender Father to me; and that I may be enabled by Him rightly to instruct these precious little ones, is my very earnest desire."

Second mo. 1860. "Truly I am most kindly and gently dealt with. Oh, that I might be more willing to be fully and entirely devoted to such a good Master; I do desire to be kept in a very watchful, prayerful state, for in this alone there is safety; and oh! that I may never bring reproach upon the truth as it is in Jesus. I feel my inability to do anything right: be pleased, gracious Father, to strengthen me, a feeble worm of the dust!"

She was often enabled to maintain a cheerful spirit; and when her health permitted, paid several visits to her distant relatives, to her great comfort and satisfaction.

Soon after the last of these, she became much worse, and in the spring of 1863, her little remaining strength was greatly prostrated, and it was evident to those around her, that the time was not

far distant when the trials and cares of this life should cease. She was once again permitted to see her four beloved boys, three of them having been sent for from school. With confidence she commended them all to their heavenly Father, saying, "I feel as if I could give them up into His hands, and I can trust Him."

In taking a retrospect of the mercies that had followed her, she said, "I have often thought of the passage, 'I have led thee these forty years in the wilderness,'" adding, "mine will not be quite forty years."

One day, not long before the close, on its being remarked to her that she seemed to have nothing to do but to *wait*, she promptly and with energy answered, "Oh no ! it is a wrestling,—a hard conflict,—the watch must be kept up to the end. I feel sin rising, there is more to be subdued, I have to struggle against impatience, but I have a hope."

At another time, when suffering from great oppression, "It is hard work, very; but my Father knows all. He has been very tender to me; He knows how much this hard heart has needed to soften it,—desire patience for me." On its being remarked, "He has given thee patience," she half objected, but added, "Yes, He has." A friend

who came to see her remarked, "I feel as if I could now give thee up." She replied, "Oh yes! no one could wish to keep me here; *there*—all is love, joy, peace. Oh, to be where there is no temptation, no possibility of sinning."

Several passages of Scripture seemed to be placed before her again and again by the Holy Spirit for her comfort, and she was enabled, in faith, to apply them to herself, as for instance: "He asked life of Thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days, for ever and ever." And again, "He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted." And again, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—for Thou art with me." These few words especially comforted her, "Thou art with me."

There was a sweet atmosphere of cheerfulness and loving welcome to her friends, in the dying chamber. She would speak of the near and solemn prospect with the utmost calmness, sometimes longing to be gone, saying, "Come, dearest Lord, come quickly." She earnestly desired to be preserved in patience, her sufferings during the last three weeks being at times very great.

Several times she revived when it had been expected that the end was near, and after one of

these sinkings, she alluded to the enjoyment of her Saviour's presence, saying, "I thought I was nearly gone; I have had such a sweet time."

A few hours before the close she was heard in prayer; and on the morning of the 18th, her purified spirit took its flight, to be, as we trust, at rest for ever in the bosom of her Saviour.

HESTER MILLS, *Falmouth.* 63 16 10 mo. 1862

ARTHUR MILNES, 9 6 1 mo. 1863

*Batley Carr, Dewsbury.* Son of Edward and Sarah A. Milnes.

ROBERT MOORE, *Holmfirth.* 31 6 11 mo. 1862

(Died at Youghall, in Ireland.)

WILLIAM MOORHOUSE. 75 5 3 mo. 1863

*Wooldale, near Huddersfield.*

JOSEPH MORGAN, *Hereford.* 67 15 8 mo. 1863

CHARLOTTE MORLEY. 10 17 3 mo. 1863

*Woodbridge.* Daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Morley. (Died at Ackworth.)

ALEXANDER MORRIS, Junr. 27 3 12 mo. 1862

*Fort Scott, Kansas.*

HENRY TAYLOR MORRIS, 28 8 11 mo. 1862

*Cork.* Son of Henry Morris.

JOHN MOSS, 55 2 4 mo. 1863

*Rose Villa, Co. Dublin.*

"Watch ye therefore: for ye know not when the master of the house cometh." Called away

suddenly in the prime of life, and in the full enjoyment of high intellectual faculties, which shone brightly to the last, this beloved friend was enabled to prove to those around him, "that his loins were girt about and his light burning," and he like one that waited for the coming of his Lord. His illness only lasted about twenty-six hours; part of it was passed in deep suffering, but no murmur escaped his lips, and upon its being remarked how patient he was, he exclaimed, "My sufferings are nothing in comparison to what my Saviour bore for me!" At another time he wished to have the blinds drawn up, in order to take a last look at the spot he had loved so well, saying, "I should like to live a little, a very little longer, yet not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!" After taking a tender farewell of his family, and leaving messages for the absent ones, he prayed for a little rest, which was mercifully granted, and near the close, ere the spirit winged its flight to the realms of immortality, he seemed as though he had caught a glimpse of the glories of the Heavenly Jerusalem, exclaiming, "One more struggle and then I triumph!"

Our dear friend had often to pass through much conflict; his faith in the efficacy of the atoning blood of Christ was strong, but withal

a deep feeling of the necessity of a real change of heart pervaded his spirit, and various were the exercises by which he was made increasingly to feel that man's strength is only a failing reed. He was a zealous advocate of Friends' principles, a supporter of the weak, and an ardent admirer of the beautiful in nature. Distress in any form it was a real pleasure to him to alleviate.

For the last few months of his life a considerable change was manifested in him, and his lamb-like deportment frequently evidenced that he had been with Jesus; Christ being the theme upon which he loved to dwell. Though the summons was short, we reverently believe that he was prepared for it, and that he has been gathered into the heavenly garner.

MARY MOTLEY.                    76 16 3 mo. 1863

*Portishead, Somersetshire.*

NATHANIEL NEALE, *Carlow.*    30 21 11 mo. 1862

HANNAH NEWSOM, *Cork.*        82 26 10 mo. 1862

CATHARINE NICHOLSON.            2 27 5 mo. 1863

*Dewsbury.* Daughter of Alfred and Rebecca Nicholson.

JOHN WILLIAM O'BRIEN,        27 31 1 mo. 1863

*Carlow.* Son of William O'Brien.

JOHN OUTHWAITE,                55 15 11 mo. 1862

*Darlington.*

ANN PALMER,	79	16	1 mo.	1863
<i>Birmingham.</i> Widow of Joseph G. Palmer.				
ELLEN PALMER,	35	27	2 mo.	1863
<i>Congresbury.</i> Daughter of Walter and Martha Palmer.				
HARRIOTT PAYN,	36	21	7 mo.	1863
<i>Shipston on-Stour.</i> Wife of Philip Payn.				
MARIANNE PAYNE, <i>Epping.</i>	50	1	12 mo.	1862
ANN ELIZA PEACOCK,	20	9	6 mo.	1863
<i>Sunderland.</i> Daughter of John and Ann Peacock.				

She was naturally of a lively disposition, and prior to the last four years of her life, possessed apparently all the bloom and vigour of health; indeed the former scarcely ever forsook her. Few perhaps imagined that such a flower was so soon to fade away, but true it is that "all flesh is grass and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field."

In her brief sojourn here, we have one more instance verifying the language, "The Lord's ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts."

About a year and a half ago, the action of the lungs and heart was found to be far from healthy, which caused much anxiety to her friends, and it was clear that every care would have to be taken

of her. About ten weeks before her decease this anxiety was greatly increased by an attack of rheumatic fever. After rallying a little she was carried down stairs once more, but it was the last time. During the few remaining weeks it was evident that her tarriance here could not be long ; and the few following memoranda will a little pourtray the state of her mind.

Soon after dear Annie was confined to her room, she was very much pleased by a friend's bringing her a photograph representing the "Good Shepherd," and said she had felt much happier since,—it seemed to cheer her so much. The day after, she expressed herself comforted by a visit from a relative : she said, " what he had to say was just suited to her feelings, as she had been very much tempted." After retiring to rest one night, she said "I hope, my dear mamma, thou art trying to bring thy mind to part with me, as I have felt ever since coming upstairs that I should not rally much this time. I know we have been so fond of each other, but I trust thou and all dear to me may meet in Heaven. I feel a good hope that Jesus will take me there. I did not feel so a fortnight ago, when I was so ill, as I had some doubts ; but now I feel thankful that I have been spared a little longer."

When sending her love to some of her absent aunts, she was asked, if it might be said that she felt comfortable. She replied, with tears in her eyes, that she "did feel very happy *sometimes*, and that she thought she might hope." She would often exclaim, "I think I have every thing to be thankful for!" One evening she asked her mamma if she thought she should live long, and added, "Thou need not be afraid to tell me, as I don't expect I shall," and afterwards, "I may as well tell thee that I quite believe it will be a happy change for me; I do not think that Jesus will leave me at the last. I have no doubt that this is intended for your good, as the Lord must have the whole heart. It has been a great struggle to give you all up, but now I think I feel resigned to leave you all."

One evening she burst into tears, and on being asked what troubled her, she replied, "I have been so naughty this evening,—having almost forgotten Jesus." She had had some of her cousins to see her, whose company she very much enjoyed, but she thought she had "indulged too much in conversation." About this time she passed a very trying day, being very much troubled with the fear that she did not love her Saviour, and had never come to Him. Towards evening, however, she was quite composed

again, and thought she did love Him, though not so much as she ought, but she had faith to believe that He would never leave her.

After many almost sleepless nights from burning fever and severe pain in her head, (which was at times almost more than she could bear), she said, "Dear mamma, this pain is dreadful; it is almost difficult at times to believe that it is from a loving Father; but I *know* it is, and I quite think it is intended for my good." She expressed much gratitude to her numerous friends, who had kindly sent her fruit, flowers, &c., and thankfully compared her state with some others, adding that she thought she had "every comfort."

Fifth month, 23rd. On her mamma's coming in from a walk, she said, "Mamma dear, I have been longing to tell thee how happy I feel this evening; I feel as though I can trust Jesus so entirely; and however I may still be tried with doubts and fears, I believe He will support me to the end."

Fifth month, 29th. After several very depressing days, in which she expressed herself low both in body and mind, and scarcely able to settle her thoughts at all, she told her mamma that she "felt more comfortable, and she believed her compassionate Saviour knew her weakness, and

did often regard even a feeble sigh ; " and shortly afterwards, " I long to be gone, and wish we could have gone together ; but only a few short years, at most, and I trust we shall meet, a happy family in heaven. Cheering thought ! " And again, " Only cling to Jesus, He has forgiven me ! " At another time she said, " Mamma dear, this pain in my head is so bad ; but I know it is the Lord's will, and I try to look at it in that light, for I know He does not afflict willingly, and if it is His will that I should suffer long, may I be preserved in patience." And again, " O how glorious will the rest be, when there will be no more pain ; but mine is not to be compared to what Jesus has suffered for me ! "

The last two or three weeks was a time of great trial and suffering, which she was enabled to bear with Christian fortitude and patience. The poor sufferer was during this period often unconscious ; which, considering the intensity of her pain, may be accounted a mercy.

On the 8th, she passed a restless night, and as the next day wore on it became evident that her sufferings would speedily have an end. In the evening she appeared to be sinking, but about half-past eight, she rallied a little, and for about half an hour was perfectly conscious, and appeared for the time almost free from pain. Most

of her relations gathered round her, and it was an inexpressible favour again to see her thus collected, and to watch her beaming countenance lighted up by a sweet smile, as she took each one warmly and affectionately by the hand. It was, indeed, an animating scene to witness one whose course on earth was so nearly run, though weak in body, strong in the faith which is in Christ Jesus; proving that she had, indeed, found Him in whom all the promises of God are "yea and amen" for ever.

Though almost too weak to speak, it might be read in her countenance that she was safe in the keeping of the Beloved of souls. The Master did truly say to the troubled waters, "Peace, be still," and there was a great calm. She was asked whether she found the Saviour near, and whether she was resting on Him, to which she assented, and there was an evidence of it about her far clearer than any words; but she was heard to whisper, "I am going home to Jesus." These were about her last words. Unconsciousness again returned, and though every hour seemed likely to be her last, yet the struggle continued until the following evening, when, her breathing gradually becoming more feeble, she fell asleep, as those around confidently and

rejoicingly believed, "in Jesus." Another monument of divine mercy; another testimony to the power of that "grace of God which bringeth salvation;" another ransomed and redeemed spirit added to that countless multitude who have come "out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" another call to those left behind, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." Not to the creature would we ascribe anything, but, in unison with her, give all the praise and all the thanks unto Him "who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

SUSANNAH PEILE. 76 28 12 mo. 1862

*Stanger, near Cockermouth.* Widow of J. Peile.

ANNA PERRY, 16 8 11 mo. 1862

*Ballinagore, King's Co.* Daughter of John Perry.

Although this dear child was very early summoned to her eternal home, yet short as her life was, it not only affords some instructive lessons to those of her own age, but by displaying the power of Divine grace in one so young, it may serve to encourage others to seek earnestly for the same power to be manifested in those entrusted to their care. There were many pleasing traits in her

character in early childhood, yet, till within the last two years of her life, she was little beyond a bright and merry girl, living for the passing day, and apparently thoughtless for the future. But God, in his mercy, visited her soul, and "she was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

On the first Sabbath of the new year, 1861, while spending her vacation, with a very dear friend in England, she listened with great interest to an address to young people on the words—"My son, give me thine heart." This so deeply affected her that she could not rest that night till she had found peace, through the blood of the cross. Being of a volatile disposition, her friends were fearful, for a while, as to the permanent character of the change which at once manifested itself in her, but time proved that it was indeed wrought of God.

Not only in her letters, but in her conversation with her schoolfellows, and in her daily intercourse with them, did she give evidence on whose side she was ; striving after her own enlightenment to recommend Jesus to others. She first went to her dearest school companion, and appears to have been the means of leading her to the knowledge of her Saviour, so that she too, walking in the joy of her Lord, sought to bring others

to the same joy. Oh, what a marvellous chain is influence ; how it goes on, and on, and on, adding results, only to be known in the last great day.

One who knew A. P. well at this time, writes respecting her, "I have seldom seen such fearlessness in acting as a Christian as I did in Anna. She felt that much had been forgiven her, and she loved much. Her earnest longing for the salvation of souls was striking : I doubt if she was ever alone for many minutes with any young friend, without asking the question, 'Do you love Jesus ?' In the summer of 1862 she left us ; and when talking with delight of home prospects, she turned her bright face to me, and said, 'And I hope I can do something for Jesus.' To show the *proof* of her love, seemed the one desire of her heart."

She had been but a few weeks at home, where she had been fondly expected as the sunshine of the house, when she was attacked with scarlatina. From this she partially recovered, but had a relapse, and lingered nine weeks in pain and suffering sometimes lying whole nights without sleep ; yet no murmur escaped her lips, and it may truly be said that she "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible."

In the early part of her illness she spent much of her time in seeking out texts of Scripture that had comforted her during the weary hours of the night, and she would often repeat one or other that had been peculiarly sweet to her, especially "Those light afflictions which are but for a moment," &c.

Soon after the relapse which has been referred to, when all around thought her dying, having rallied a little, she said to one of her brothers, "Oh, if thou hadst been as near death as I was, dost thou think thou wouldest have been prepared to die? When I was in such suffering I was left perfectly helpless, and could not move my hand for weakness, much less think of my sins. I tried to pray a little, but Jesus spoke to me and said, 'My child, be still, and I will do what is best for thee;' I heard Him say 'My child.'" Thus was she enabled to lie passive in His hands, and know no will but His.

In alluding to her prayers for herself and those she loved, she had an unshaken confidence in their fulfilment, laying great stress on the texts— " *Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive;*" " *If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it;*" and especially this one: " *If two of you shall agree on earth as touching*

*anything* that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in Heaven." It was beautiful to witness her simple child-like trust in the efficacy of prayer; and to notice how largely she availed herself of it in reference to such things as every little change on her sick bed and the administration of her medicine, as well as to things of the greatest importance.

She was often engaged in repeating or singing hymns; and thus did her cheerful spirit beam out under God's constant smile, strong in faith and unswerving in trust, notwithstanding the great weakness of her poor body. A few days before the close, when allusion was made to her critical state, she replied she had no fear; that Jesus was ever present with her, and would be to the end; that she *felt* underneath her the everlasting arms. She often requested her friends to sing a hymn to her to soothe her to sleep, and especially liked the one beginning,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."

Two days before her death she requested her medical attendant to tell her the plain truth, and on his remarking that there was little or no hope, she said again she did not fear,—Jesus alone could save her, and He would do so. From that

time the increasing restlessness and weariness of body prevented her from saying much, but the same sweet spirit was apparent to the close, when, gently and peacefully, it winged its flight from the poor little wasted tabernacle, it is reverently believed, to the bosom of her God, through the atoning blood of her dear Saviour, to be for ever at rest.

Do we weep when another star  
 Shines out from the glittering sky ?  
 Do we weep when the raging voice of war  
 And the storms of conflict die ?  
 Then why should our tears run down,  
 And our hearts be sorely riven,  
 For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
 And another star in Heaven ?

MARY PETTINGER, *Doncaster.* 80 23 6 mo. 1863

MARIA ANN PHILLIPS,        83 13 3 mo. 1863  
*Coddington, Lincolnshire.*

MARGARET PILKINGTON,        57 22 7 mo. 1863

*Whittle-le-Woods, Preston.*

ANNA PIKE, *Dublin.*        4 30 4 mo. 1863

Daughter of William Hill Pike.

EMMA PIKE, *Dublin.*        5 3 5 mo. 1863

Daughter of William Hill Pike.

WILLIAM PIKE, *Dublin.*        2 11 5 mo. 1863

Son of William Hill Pike.

FRANCIS PLAYER,        85 8 12 mo. 1862

*Tockington, Gloucestershire.*

JONATHAN PRIESTMAN,	75	13	2 mo.	1863
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i> A Minister.				
GEORGE RICHARDSON PUMPHREY,*				
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>	32	17	10 mo.	1862
MARTHA REBECCA PUMPHREY,	1	21	12 mo.	1862
<i>Birmingham.</i> Daughter of Josiah and Lydia M. Pumphrey.				
REBECCA PURVES, <i>Wexford.</i>	84	28	12 mo.	1862
Wife of Thomas Purves.				
ELIZABETH RADLEY, <i>Croydon.</i>	1	16	6 mo.	1863
Daughter of Joseph and Phebe J. Radley.				
STEPHEN RAMPLEN, <i>Ipswich,</i>	71	4	3 mo.	1863
JOSHUA RANSOM,	63	26	5 mo.	1863
<i>Kempston, Bedfordshire.</i>				
DEBORAH RANSOME,	74	20	5 mo.	1863
<i>Stretford, near Manchester.</i> Widow of Henry Ransome, of York.				
THOMAS RECKITT,	78	20	12 mo.	1862
<i>Alderley Edge, Cheshire.</i>				
GEORGE ALBERT RECKITT,	2	23	9 mo.	1863
<i>Sydenham, near London.</i> Son of George and Elizabeth S. Reckitt.				
LYDIA REDWOOD,	74	22	2 mo.	1863
<i>Cae Wern, near Neath.</i> Wife of Isaac Redwood.				

\* For account of whom see the Appendix to our last *Annual Monitor.*

JAMES REYNOLDS,                    50 12 12 mo. 1862

*Faringdon.*

For more than twenty years this dear friend had laboured under a severe pulmonary affection, which he bore with exemplary patience and resignation; his cheerful submission to the Divine will being deeply instructive to all around him.

His benevolent and unselfish character endeared him to all classes. His faith was firm and steadfast in the atoning sacrifice of Christ; and though he rarely spoke of his religious experience, yet from occasional expressions which fell from his lips, it was evident that he had a humble assurance that all his iniquities were washed away in the blood of the Lamb. When he found his end approaching, he took a most affectionate farewell of his only brother and others who were present, remarking, "It is an awful thing to die." For a short interval he appeared to have great conflict with the powers of darkness, but this soon passed away, and then he added, "I am going

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

after which he said: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit," and soon after he quietly passed away.

ELIZABETH RHEAM,	62	1	4 mo.	1863
<i>Manchester.</i> Widow of Edward Rheam.				
WILLIAM RICHARDSON,	38	13	12 mo.	1862
<i>Brooklands, near Belfast.</i>				
HARRIET RICHARDSON,	84	8	5 mo.	1863
<i>Lisburn, Co. Antrim.</i> Wife of John Richardson.				
FLORENCE MARY RING,	3	16	2 mo.	1863
<i>Bedminster, near Bristol.</i> Daughter of John Y. and Jane Ring.				
ISABELLA MARGARET RING,	4	25	2 mo.	1863
<i>Bedminster, near Bristol.</i> Daughter of John Y. and Jane Ring.				
GEORGE ROBARTS, <i>Falmouth.</i>	54	30	7 mo.	1863
THOMAS ROBINSON,	78	22	11 mo.	1862
<i>Monkstown, near Dublin.</i>				
WILFRED ROBINSON,	1	21	8 mo.	1863
<i>Saddlescombe, Sussex.</i> Son of Martin and Maria Robinson.				
SUSANNA ROBINSON,	72	6	10 mo.	1862
<i>Cheetham, near Manchester.</i>				
EMILY ROBSON,	14	5	4 mo.	1863
<i>Liscard, near Liverpool.</i> Daughter of Henry E. Robson.				
FLORENCE ROBSON,	6	14	1 mo.	1863
<i>Sunderland.</i> Daughter of Edward C. and Priscilla Robson.				

JAMES ROKES, <i>Croydon.</i>	33	7	8 mo.	1863
JOHN ROSS, <i>Chatteris.</i>	75	24	5 mo.	1863
An Elder.				
JULIA ELIZABETH ROWNTREE, <i>22 York.</i>	22	18	9 mo.	1863
Wife of Joseph Rowntree.				
JAMES RUSHFORTH, <i>Rastrick,</i>	84	23	1 mo.	1863
<i>near Brighouse, Yorkshire.</i>				
ELIZABETH RUSSELL, <i>Cork.</i>	78	29	4 mo.	1863
Widow of John Russell.				
ARTHUR SCHOLEFIELD, <i>Hereford.</i>	30	21	6 mo.	1863
Son of James and Hannah Scholefield.				
ALFRED SESSIONS, <i>Gloucester.</i>	11	27	10 mo.	1862
Son of Jesse and Eliza Sessions.				
ELIZABETH SIMKIN, <i>New Dale,</i>	77	11	7 mo.	1863
<i>Coalbrookdale.</i>				
ESTHER SIMPSON, <i>Aysgarth,</i>	31	18	8 mo.	1863
<i>Yorkshire.</i> Daughter of John Simpson.				
SARAH JOHNSTONE SMEAL, <i>Glasgow.</i>	3	3	6 mo.	1863
Daughter of William and Margaret Smeal.				
DANIEL SMITH, <i>Kidsley Park,</i>	93	1	1 mo.	1863
<i>Derbyshire.</i>				
PRISCILLA SMITH, <i>Wickham,</i>	67	4	3 mo.	1863
<i>Essex.</i> Wife of Thomas Smith,				
JOHN SOUTHALL, <i>Leominster.</i>	75	2	12 mo.	1862

RACHEL SPENCE,	13	3	8 mo.	1863
<i>North Shields.</i> Daughter of Robert and Sarah Spence.				
JOHN STANDING,	83	24	4 mo.	1863
<i>Charlwood, Sussex.</i>				
SARAH STERRY, <i>Croydon.</i>	74	25	2 mo.	1863
ANNA STORRS, <i>Chesterfield.</i>	80	28	4 mo.	1863
MARTHA SUTTON,	64	13	4 mo.	1863
<i>Cockermouth.</i>				
WILLIAM STORDY SUTTON,	9	6	8 mo.	1863
<i>Houghton, Cumberland.</i> Son of John J. and Ann Sutton.				
MARY SYKES, <i>Ackworth.</i>	69	3	1 mo.	1863
Widow of William Sykes.				
PETER TAYLOR,	80	23	4 mo.	1863
<i>Deptford, formerly of Hollinwood, near Manchester.</i>				
ALICE THISTLETHWAITE,	58	22	3 mo.	1863
<i>Bolton.</i>				
JOHN THISTLETHWAITE,	72	29	8 mo.	1863
<i>Bradford.</i>				
JEREMIAH THOMPSON,	39	16	10 mo.	1862
<i>Rawden, near Leeds.</i>				
MARY ANN THOMPSON, <i>York.</i>	52	4	4 mo.	1863
ABIGAIL THOMPSON,	70	31	5 mo.	1863
<i>Spring Hill, near Lurgan, Co. Armagh.</i>				
CHARLES THOMPSON,	18	23	6 mo.	1863
<i>Hulme, Manchester.</i> Son of Richard Thompson.				

MARY THOMPSON,	68	30	1 mo.	1863
<i>Gillingham, Dorsetshire.</i>			Widow of Thomas	
Thompson.				
HENRY THOMPSON,	63	8	3 mo.	1863
<i>Heskel, New Market, Cumberland.</i>				
ANN THORP, <i>Halifax.</i>	90	21	6 mo.	1863
ELIZABETH THORP, <i>Leeds.</i>	29	13	9 mo.	1863
Daughter of William and Alice Thorp.				

Efforts of active religious usefulness, such as Sabbath School teaching, the holding of cottage and more public meetings, the distribution of tracts, and the employment of other instrumentalities available for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom, have in a special manner engaged the attention of many in our Society during the last few years. It is well that they have done so, and that they should continue so to do; but it is of the last importance that all should realise that the secret of success in any of these undertakings is to be found in a close walk with God, in an earnest striving after personal holiness, in a simple desire to know God's will and to do it, combined with a lively faith in His gracious promises. It is believed that the subject of this memoir affords an interesting illustration of the truth of these remarks.

She was, for several years, a successful teacher

in the Friend's First-day school at Leeds; successful,—if the warm love borne to her by her scholars, the lively interest felt by them in her lessons, the altered and improved character of some of them, and the very deep feeling manifested by them on the day of her funeral, are any criterions of success.

It seems desirable before alluding further to this subject, to say something of the change which took place in her own heart, preparing her for what appears to have been the great work of her short life.

In the Spring of 1854, writing to a relative, she expressed wonder that her friend, having known something of the joy and peace of believing, had not before urged her to seek salvation. Thanking her for having at last introduced the subject, she goes on to tell (with an evidently imperfect knowledge of the way of salvation) of her own deep sense of sin, and fear of the consequences of living in this state of open rebellion. Again, she speaks of seasons when she tried to obtain peace of mind by good works, of which she felt the insufficiency. She knew not then that Christ's one work was amply sufficient for all her need. In a note written a few months after, she laments having no object worth living for, no end nor aim

in existence. At that time, she seemed to realise to the full the beautiful lines of R. C. Trench.

" For thou hast known (if I may read aright  
 The pages of thy past existence), thou  
 Hast known the dreary sickness of the soul,  
 That falls upon us in our lonely youth;  
 The fear of all bright visions leaving us,  
 The sense of emptiness, without the sense  
 Of an abiding fulness anywhere.  
 When all the generalisms of mankind,  
 With all their purposes, their hopes and fears,  
 Seem nothing truer than those airy shapes  
 Cast by a wick of light against a wall;  
 And nothing different from these, except  
 In their capacity of suffering;  
 What time we had the sense of sin and none  
 Of expiation. Our own life seemed then  
 But as an arrow flying in the dark  
 Without an aim,—a most unwelcome gift  
 Which we might not put by."

She was not yet able to add:—

" But now what God  
 Intended as a blessing and a boon  
 We have received as such; and we can say,  
 A *solemn* yet a *joyful* thing is life,  
 Which being full of duties, is for this  
 Of gladness full, and full of lofty hopes."

Having in her deep need at this time, little external aid, she turned to the Bible with earnest prayer for right guidance. She longed to

have her burden of sin removed, but for many months was as one groping in the dark. She passed through deep conflict, and there was great searching of heart before she was enabled to cast herself at the Saviour's feet, and to rest in His pardoning love. Then, indeed, she saw that her "righteousnesses were as filthy rags ;" and as the truth as it is in Jesus dawned more fully on her mind, she believed, with a trembling joy, that "He had covered her with the robe of righteousness."

Very soon after coming to a knowledge of the Saviour herself, she longed to tell of Him to others; and in the following year, we find her speaking of her lack of knowledge and of her many inconsistencies, and therefore of the dread she felt, lest, professing Christ before the world, instead of honouring Him, she should put Him to an open shame; at the same time earnestly asking, "*What can I do for the Master?*" It was suggested to her, that, having few domestic duties to claim her care, she might suitably turn to the poor and ignorant around her. With all the impetuosity of her loving, ardent nature, she entered upon the work which opened before her.

Her Tract and Bible district, in one of the worst parts of Leeds, became a source of deep

increasing interest and unwearied effort. Not satisfied with leaving her tract or Bible, she endeavoured to find opportunity to speak a word for her Lord, yet was often discouraged and sorely tried by her want of faith to speak the word in season. She expressed her desire, as a little child, to depend on her Saviour for strength and wisdom, and that the words she spoke might not be her own, but such as the Lord should give her.

In the year 1859, she took a class of young women in connection with the Friends' First-day school, and henceforth devoted herself energetically to the duties devolving upon her. It was not her way, in what she undertook, to do anything by halves. The lesson, often chosen from some fault observed in her girls, was prepared with much care: wisdom in doing so having been sought from above. If any were absent from their class, she would call at their homes to inquire the cause; if any were sick, she was sure to be soon found by the side of the bed of suffering, offering words of comfort, and pointing to the Saviour. When she sat among them in the class, it was as a learner herself in Christ's school. She made her scholars feel that One was their teacher, even Christ, and that they were sisters; they saw she loved them as a sister, and thus she

gained a wonderful power over their minds, and so firm a place in their confidence and esteem that she became intimately acquainted with each, and was felt by each to be a true and tried friend. She felt the need of private intercourse with her pupils, and frequently wrote to them when from home, or unable to get out. The following extract from some of her letters to them, will be interesting to many.

"I cannot feel comfortable to let another Sabbath day pass over, without thy receiving a few lines from me, however feebly written they may be, expressive of my great sympathy with thee, for I, like thee, am an invalid. \* \* Seeing that we are afflicted, let us look upon our afflictions as 'blessings in disguise,' for are not these our afflictions amongst the all-things that work together for our good? Yes, assuredly, and we may bless His chastening hand, and be comforted with the assurance, that 'whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth, and *scourgeth every* son whom he receiveth.' Afflictions are indeed the family badge, the family privilege, that is, if they are sanctified."

12th mo. 31st, 1860. "And now dear E— whilst I would wish thee to look back upon the past, yet look not mournfully; thy sins may have been many and great, but Jesus died for thee,

' And all the fitness He requireth,  
Is to feel thy need of Him.'

It may be thy sorrows have been great, but remember, ' He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' Some of the ties that bound thee here, may have been rent asunder ; and thou mayest have had to follow to the grave those near and dear to thee, but if in Christ they have lived, and in Christ they have died, O ! sorrow not as those without hope, for thou hast these ties fewer, to bind thee here on earth, and more, to Heaven ; ' for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him.' "

" If from guilt and sin set free,  
By the knowledge of thy grace,  
Welcome then the call will be,  
To depart and see thy face.

To thy saints while here below,  
With new years, new mercies come ;  
But the happiest year they know,  
Is the *last that leads them Home.*"

6th mo., 16th, 1863. " Hast thou then, dear girl, felt thyself to be a sinner, *the weight and burden of thy sins*, and thy *lost and undone condition* ; and hast thou fled to the hope set before thee in the gospel, to Jesus Christ and Him crucified, who is the power of God unto salvation, to

every one that believeth ? The blood of Jesus Christ, God's only begotten Son, cleanseth us from all sin ; it is not merely from a few of our sins, but from all, even those of the blackest dye, if we only will but *repent* and *believe* the gospel,—*believe the good tidings* that Christ died to save sinners, that He shed His blood for us individually, and bowed His head upon the cross, and in this way finished the work of each soul's redemption, that believes on Him. All true Christians believe this, and not only know, but feel that their sins are forgiven them, for the Saviour's sake. Feeling that of themselves they can do nothing good, not even think a good thought, speak a good word, or do a good action, they will know their sufficiency is of God, they will go to Him at all times,—in trial, temptation and doubt, they will pour out their hearts before Him ; they will hold sweet communion with their Father in Heaven, and thus refreshed and strengthened, they will go on their way rejoicing. They may be sorrowing and afflicted Christians, but yet they will rejoice in hope of the glory of God. They will leave the things which are behind, and press towards the things which are before ; they will feel that this is not their resting place, that they are but strangers and pilgrims here, and

ooking to heaven as their home, will seek for that city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise.

"Permit me then to ask thee if thou art reconciled to God, if thou art one of God's dear children bought with the precious blood of Jesus? and dost thou look forward to heaven as thy home, and to joining the innumerable company of angels, whom no man can number, of all nations, kindred, people, and tongues, who stand before the throne? If so, happy indeed art thou; but if not, lose no time in seeking an interest in Christ, and an inheritance in heaven, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. O! earnestly pray, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' May the Lord be with thee, may 'the God of Jacob defend thee, send thee help from the sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion.'"

Though it was as a Sabbath school teacher that our dear friend particularly shone, yet at the same time the claims of home were not neglected. She was a devoted and affectionate daughter to her widowed mother, and very helpful to her young friends and companions in their journey Zionwards.

The privilege of access to God, by prayer, was deeply valued by her, and she often longed that it was more prized by others. As in her outward services, she was not content with anything short of a thorough performance of them, so, as regards the work in her own soul, she was not satisfied by anything superficial. A few questions for self-examination, written in 1858, and found after her decease, show that there was earnest effort on her part to forsake all sin, whether it had relation to that which would attract the attention of others, or that which affected her state in the sight of God only.

One of her most intimate friends, writing of her says: "Few I think have more mourned over the power of indwelling sin, or struggled more earnestly against it; and more especially for the last two or three years, the work of sanctification had been going on surely and steadily; at least, such is my opinion."

In the Eighth month, E. T. had a slight attack of illness, and on her recovery went to Ackworth for change of air, where very shortly she was again prostrated with rheumatic fever, but no danger was anticipated till within two hours of her decease; thus suddenly she was removed from our sight, and taken away in the midst of usefulness. If any token was wanting of the love her

scholars bore her, it was seen by the *many, many* tears that were shed, as the remains of their beloved friend were consigned to their last resting place.

We conclude with the following extract from a letter received after her decease :—

“ We must not weep for her, a dear ransomed saint in glory, done with all here that troubled her, but for ourselves, that we too, may fight the fight of faith, and through the merits of that same Saviour, whose blood purchased her soul, meet her again at His right hand. Oh ! the joy to be again re-united, and to see again the faces of those near and dear to us, never more to be parted. I do agree with thee, and I trust the desire is in earnest, that *we* may strive more to be found ready to meet our Judge, for we know not how soon He may come to us. I do feel it a fresh call, and may it have the desired end in bringing us nearer to Jesus.”

Thus of her, wrote one of her dearest friends, Maria Gilpin, of Sheffield, who in three weeks, was also called away by death, in the bloom of youth.

Together they trod the narrow way, together they laboured in the Lord’s vineyard, and have now, we believe, alike entered within the pearl gates, to “ go no more out.”

*"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."*

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"I have labored in vain," a teacher said,  
And her brow was marked with care,  
"I have labored in vain," and she bowed her head,  
And bitter and sad were the tears she shed,  
In that moment of dark despair.

"I am weary and worn and my hands are weak,  
And my courage is well-nigh gone,  
For none give heed to the words I speak,  
And in vain for a promise of fruit I seek,  
Where the seed of the word is sown."

And again with a sorrowful heart she wept,  
For her spirit with grief was stirred,  
Till the night grew dark, and at last she slept,  
And a silent calm o'er her spirit crept,  
As a whisper of "peace" was heard.

And she thought in her dream, that the soul  
took flight  
To a blessed and bright abode ;  
She saw a throne of such dazzling light,  
And harps were ringing, and robes were white,  
Made white in a Saviour's blood.

And she saw such a countless throng around,  
As she never had seen before ;  
Their brows with jewels of light were crowned,  
And sorrow and sighing no place had found,  
For the troubles of time were o'er.

Then a white robed maiden came forth and said,  
“Joy! joy! for thy trials are past!  
I am *one* that thy gentle words have led  
In the narrow pathway of life to tread;  
I welcome thee home at last!”

And the teacher gazed on the maiden's face—  
She had seen that face on earth,  
When with anxious heart, in her wonted place,  
She had told her charge of a Saviour's grace,  
And their need of a second birth.

Then the teacher smiled, and an angel said,  
“Go forth to thy work again;  
It is not in vain that the seed is shed:  
If only *one* soul to the cross is led,  
Thy labour is not in vain!”

And at last she woke, and her knees she bent,  
In grateful, child-like prayer;  
And she prayed till an answer of peace was sent,  
And faith and hope as a rainbow blent,  
O'er the clouds of her earthly care.

And she rose in joy, and her eye was bright,  
Her sorrow and grief had fled;  
And her soul was calm, and her heart was light,  
For her hands were strong in her Saviour's might,  
As forth to her work she sped.

Then rise, fellow-teacher, to labor go,  
Wide scatter the precious grain:  
Though the fruit may never be seen below,  
Be sure that the seed of the word shall grow:  
Toil on, in faith, and thou shall know,  
“Thy labour is not in vain!”

SUSANNAH THURSFIELD. 27 30 12 mo. 1862

*Evesham.* Daughter of John and Rebecca Thursfield.

From a child S. T. had been familiar theoretically with the Gospel of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, and she often earnestly desired to live in accordance with its precepts; but it was not till some time after she left school, that she knew it to be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

The following extract from a letter written by her several years after she came to this knowledge, will give some idea of the course by which she was led, as well as serve as an introduction to the subsequent brief sketch of the last few months of her life.

Sixth month, 20th, 1861. "Many thanks for thy kind letter, and the extracts about confidence in God. Truly, He is worthy of all our confidence and love. Little do we think how we grieve Him when we hesitate to accept *all* He so freely offers, and yet how apt these evil hearts are to doubt whether He can really mean to give us such great blessings. We do not doubt but some may have them, but we query, Can this be for *me*? Can such a poor creature hope for such abounding mercy, such a marvellous display of love?

How strange, how sad, that the freeness of the offer should make us afraid of presumption in accepting it! Yet so it is; we call it *humility*, but in reality is it not *pride*?

"For long I struggled, not daring to believe, and yet knowing that I must be lost if I did not; but I thought I was too unworthy, too sinful; and so for many weary months I had no rest. How could I, when I was trying first to get better, and then to go to the physician? I kept getting worse, worse, worse, till despair almost possessed me; there seemed but a step between me and eternal destruction. Then a word I had read came vividly to mind, viz., 'Christ died for sinners; I am a sinner, therefore Christ died for *me*.' A ray of light entered my dark mind, and I saw more clearly than before the glorious simplicity of the Gospel plan, though it was long before I understood it.

"Thou wilt be wondering, dearest, why I am writing thus; I did not mean to when I began, but a few words in thy letter led me back, for it was just as I used to feel—harder, and yet more hard to trust Christ. Does thou not think it is when we are trying to *do* something, instead of believing that Christ *has done* all for us, that we feel it hard?

"If a prisoner in the condemned cell, expecting the officer every moment to take him to execution, were to see, instead, a man enter, bearing a free pardon from the Queen, would not his gloom and misery be changed into joy? would he not see everything in a brighter aspect? And is it not so with our souls? While burdened with sin we are like the prisoner, with nothing but gloom around us; but God, in His love, sends us a message, that His own Son has died instead of us, that *on Him all our sins have been laid*, and that he is reconciled to us, and waiting to welcome us back. What more could He do? What more could we wish? The Lord Jesus Christ has died for thee and for me; He has borne our sin away; and in proof of His death being all-sufficient, God has raised Him from the dead. Oh, dearest, let us beware of unbelief,—of the least shade of unbelief,—of doubt,—of fearfulness; no sin is so dishonouring to God as this. And so we find, —Rev. xxi. 8.—that the *fearful* and *unbelieving* are classed with murderers, idolators, liars, &c., all of which shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

"Forgive me, if I say I think thou art looking too much at thy feelings, and too little at what Christ has already done for thee. I am

often guilty in this respect ; often walking under a cloud instead of in the light of His countenance ; but I long that thou mayest never dis honour God as I have done, but, by taking Him at His word, and believing all He says, *because He says it*, not because thou feels it, mayest thou live to His glory, and, out of the fulness of a grateful heart, tell to those around thee what a precious Saviour thou hast found.

"He is indeed a precious Saviour. Never till the last few months did I so realize this ; and as yet I see but a glimpse of the fulness there is in Him for us. Oh, it is wonderful ! He is made unto us *wisdom* and *righteousness*, and *sanctification* and *redemption*. All the promises of God are ours if we are in Christ Jesus ; and if we are not, where are we ? In the world, with the wrath of God abiding on us ! There is no middle path, so let us be encouraged to put our whole trust in God, for He has said, 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.' It is a present blessing."

The illness which terminated the life of this beloved young friend is believed to have originated in a chill taken in the 11th mo. of 1861, while attempting the canvass of her Bible district, with a view to the circulation of religious periodicals. She seldom left the house after this time, till, in

the 4th mo. of 1862, she accompanied her beloved aunt to Malvern, in the hope that the change might be the means of renewing her exhausted strength; but this hope was not realized. Her strength rapidly declined during the last few days she was there, and she was never out of doors after the day on which she reached home. For years her health had been delicate, and she had found life a continued struggle with the infirmities of the frail tabernacle. By them she had been cut off from many sources of active enjoyment; yet for this she did not grieve. What she most felt, was the want of power to engage as vigorously in efforts to promote the interests of her dear Redeemer's kingdom, as her love for Him and the souls He died to redeem, would have prompted.

When thoroughly laid aside, her acknowledgment that it was a great relief to be freed from the continual struggle she had so long had to maintain, was very touching. Not that her interest in the Lord's work had one whit declined, or her willingness to serve Him lessened, but the physical power had failed, and she rejoiced to be able, with an easy mind, to relinquish the strain under which she had so long laboured.

With calmness and with thankfulness, she received the intimation that her illness would

probably issue in a release from the shackles of mortality. "It was so kind to tell me," she sweetly said, and it was evidently no unwelcome or unexpected tidings. "Perhaps He will come soon," uttered before this announcement, proved what her hope and desire were, and when the prospect of a lengthened illness unfolded before her, the prayer of her heart was, that she might be enabled to glorify her Lord and Saviour. She looked rather sad at the thought, that, laid aside as she was, there was nothing she could do to glorify Him, but was comforted by the assurance, that He is glorified by the manifestation of the power of His grace to sustain in weakness and in suffering. Very strikingly was she enabled to do this, and to exemplify the truth of the assurance, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

While suffering much from feverish oppression, which was generally increased by any little exertion, she did not shrink from receiving visits from any to whom her heart felt drawn in Christian solicitude. She would earnestly seek for help, faithfully to speak a word in season to those who were yet withholding the surrender of their hearts to the Lord; testifying both by her words and the unmistakable evidence afforded by her

calm cheerfulness, that there is a reality in religion, a living power in simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Towards her Christian friends her heart expanded and glowed. She loved to speak to them of Him whom they loved ; she delighted to magnify His grace, to show forth His praise.

During the last few years of her life, after the period when she realized the change designated by the Lord Jesus Christ as being "born again," she had been a diligent searcher of the Scriptures. She loved to compare scripture with scripture, and to recognise Gospel Truth throughout the sacred volume, emphatically accepting our Lord's own words, "They are they which testify of me." Not content with enjoying alone the rich feast she thus found for the soul, she gathered around her two or three little groups of young persons to share it with her.

For these little gatherings, she made diligent and prayerful preparation, and many seasons of much interest and instruction are remembered by those who shared in them. Her reliance on these occasions was simply on the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and under His enlightening influence, she realized the force of our Lord's declaration, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

After the commencement of her illness, dear Susan was seldom able to bear more than a few verses read at a time. She selected the miracles of our Lord, one of which formed the evening portion for some time.

Simple and unassuming, shrinking from observation, and diffident of her own abilities and attainments, she became a striking exemplification of the words, "Him that honoureth me, I will honour." Her diligent search after truth was rewarded by its rich unfolding. She was, from time to time, remarkably strengthened, amid great bodily weakness, to bear testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus.

A spiritual perception seemed given her, by which what she said was peculiarly adapted for those to whom it was addressed. Her natural diffidence disappeared, while with deep earnestness, and with a beaming countenance, she testified of the Saviour's full and free salvation, and gave utterance to the longings of her heart, that all her friends, and all around her, should know and experience it to the full.

Susan ever kept uppermost in her thought that she was a sinner saved by grace: *her text*, as she emphatically styled it, was, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." A note to her

beloved brother, the last she ever wrote, is so characteristic that it is given here.

"I feel as if I must write a few lines to tell thee of the Lord's goodness, we have had such a week of blessings, spiritual and temporal. Dear —'s visit was very refreshing ; she has such a sweet spirit, and our gracious Lord condescended to be so near, and to give us to rejoice in Him. Oh, it is true joy when He manifests Himself. I feel sometimes as if I must sing. O John ! to think of my having such a hope—me—such a sinner ! but that's just it ; He came to save the sinners. Precious, precious Saviour ! O ! to glorify Him every day—always ! Help me to praise Him for His goodness—it is so great. So fully does He supply all our need, that there seems at times nothing left to ask for ; praise is, or should be, our work. All praise in heaven ; nothing will ever come there to interrupt or mar the fulness of the song. There the white robes will shine with spotless purity, telling of His grace, ' who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' How bright the thought of spending eternity together, in praising Him, our soul's Beloved ! Now, farewell. May grace and peace be multiplied unto thee, through Jesus Christ."

During the whole of her illness it may truly be

said, "The Lord was her sun and her shield," shining into her heart, gladdening it with light and warmth, and shielding her from evil, and the fear of evil. Very rarely did the enemy obtrude his insinuations; if, for a moment, they were heard, they were immediately taken to the Lord, and the enemy was rebuked and foiled. She liked to compare herself to a feeble lamb carried in the Good Shepherd's arms and nestling in His bosom. "The lion may roar," she once said, "and cast fierce glances, but he can do no more."

She felt that she had given herself to the Lord, that He had undertaken to do all for her, and in simple child-like trust she confided in Him, saying that she had nothing to care for or trouble about; her Heavenly Father took all the care of every moment and every event, and she need fear nothing; He would order all things well, and for His own glory. And at another time when the words had been repeated to her: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him and delivereth them;" and our Lord's own assurance, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," she responded: "Yes, I was asking Him one night to be with me, and He so gently reminded me that He is always present, and that what we need is to *realize* this."

During the visit of a dear friend, she spoke much of the continual presence of Christ with His people, remarking, that it is distrust of Him to ask Him to be with us when His own promise is, "Lo I am with you always." She said it was not of faith which would make us ask Him to be with us; our need is, rather, more power to realize His continued nearness, that the veil between our souls and Him may be withdrawn. She spoke very solemnly of the danger of adding to Christ, saying: "It is not Christ *and* something else, nor something else *and* Christ, but *Christ alone*. Give my love to — and —" &c., (she gave many names) "tell them from me, *Christ first, Christ always, Christ alone*; and if there are any whom I have forgotten, tell them the same. I want it to be my last message."

Some of her latest meditations appeared to be on the *majesty* of Christ, which had been brought before her by a few verses of the 45th Psalm. With all the force of her mind she grasped the glorious subject—"I have not been used to look at His majesty so much as His love; but oh! *He is most mighty!* His glory and His majesty." She referred to Rev. xix as harmonizing with the Psalm.

Once, after a season of deep solemnity, she remarked that she had realized, not so much the

presence of the Saviour, as of God the Father—her reconciled Father in Christ Jesus ; and at another time the words dwelt with her :

“Praise ye the Father ! God the Lord, who gave us  
With full and perfect love His only Son !  
Praise ye the Son, who died himself to save us !  
Praise ye the Spirit ! Praise the Three in One !”

With a realizing faith she exclaimed, “ What a portion is ours ! the eternal God is our refuge ! the Lord Jesus Christ is our Saviour; the Holy Spirit is our Comforter ! and there is such a glorious inheritance in store for us.” Again she spoke of the holiness of God ;—the righteousness of the Lord Jesus ;—the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier.

Referring on one occasion to appearing in the presence of God, she said, “ O ! it is very solemn.” It was suggested, “ The dear Saviour will present thee Himself, clothed in His righteousness.” “ I am not afraid of my Father ; I love to think of His holiness,” was the solemn response. She remarked on the texts in “ Daily Light,” headed, “ Ye have an unction from the Holy One,” that she had been struck latterly, in observing how the Holy Spirit keeps Himself out of view ; it is *Christ* He brings before the soul ; it is His office to take of the things of Christ and to shew them unto us.

To depart and be with Christ had been, from the commencement of her illness, the deepest wish of dear Susan's heart; yet it was guarded with watchful jealousy, lest it should induce any measure of impatience. "In His own good time," was the language of her soul. Yet when increased weakness and oppression greatly bore down the poor body, and she thought the time of release was at hand, she found it required continual fresh supplies of grace to enable her, with true submission, to say, "Thy will be done."

During the last week or ten days her friends watched again and again, expecting the time of her release had come. On the morning of the 29th, her brother, who had been summoned by telegram several days before, was obliged to leave. The time of her end was hidden, and, to the dear one herself, appeared to have receded. The solemn lesson given her to learn was a deeper insight into the import of the words, "Thy will be done." "It is very solemn" she said, "to say this. I have given myself to the Lord, and must receive whatever He sends as a part of His will." The afternoon of the last day was a quiet one. Her mother and she were alone together, and it seemed given them to rejoice in the holy calm. Soon after ten there was an

increase of oppression, and she asked, "Is this part of His will?" It was replied "Yes, part of His good, and acceptable, and perfect will." "Then I must accept it as such," she rejoined. The night was one of close watching to her attendants, and of oppression to herself. She scarcely slept; not more than a few minutes at a time. For a brief interval there was a slight rambling, of which she appeared conscious. At six o'clock she took a little tea, and after this appeared to sleep for a short time. On awaking, the remembrance of the past night was quite obliterated: "What! is it morning? Then what has become of the night?" she asked. It seemed a great relief to find it had passed, and its remembrance perished, when she characteristically said, "How kind of Him." Further oppression induced her to say, "This is part of 'Thy will be done,' a Father's will." It was rejoined "A loving, tender Father." She added, "*Holy*. His will must be done—it will be accomplished some time. Oh, if I had not a Friend at such a time as this, and *such a Friend!* He fills the room with light." There was a peculiar solemnity in her manner; not the bright radiant smile that so often lighted up her countenance, but an upward look of reverence, as recognizing His holiness and

His majesty. The morning light dawned. There was no marked change, but after the incidents of the night it was thought best to summon her aunt. She came, and the dear one asked for her uncle. Soon after he arrived, unmistakable evidence that the messenger she so desired had indeed come, induced those around her to say they thought she was going home. "Perhaps I may rally again; His will be done," she promptly replied. She asked for the servant; when all had gathered round her, she distinctly said, "Farewell," and then, with the last effort of her voice, she gave the parting word, "Jesus is all, my mother,—He will more than fill my place."

A few more shortened breathings, and then her soul was gladdened with the "joyful surprise" she had anticipated He might some time give her. The last pin of the tabernacle was removed, and her ransomed and purified spirit was released, to be "ever with the Lord."

JOHN TIPPING, *Liverpool.* 87 4 8 mo. 1863

JOHN TODHUNTER, 50 6 12 mo. 1862

*Sandy Cove Avenue, Co. Dublin.*

JANE TOMLINSON, 79 12 6 mo. 1863

*Aysgarth, Yorkshire.* Widow of J. Tomlinson.

DEBORAH TRUSTED, *Ross.* 74 16 8 mo. 1863

MARIANA TUCKETT, 56 17 4 mo. 1863

*Frenchay.* Wife of Francis Tuckett.

ANN ELIZA TURNER,	26	28	3 mo.	1863
<i>Liverpool. Wife of William E. Turner.</i>				
HENRY TUTTY, <i>Reading.</i>	60	14	10 mo.	1862
<i>An Elder.</i>				
JOHN WALKER,	71	17	12 mo.	1862
<i>Heavitree, near Exeter.</i>				
HENRY WALLER, <i>Darlington.</i>	79	9	6 mo.	1863
ELIZABETH WALMSLEY,	50	26	7 mo.	1863
<i>Manchester.</i>				
SARAH WALPOLE, <i>Carlow.</i>	67	23	8 mo.	1863
CHRISTIANA WALTON	61	8	9 mo.	1863
<i>Kirkstall, near Leeds. Wife of Benjamin Walton.</i>				
HANNAH WARING,	29	29	6 mo.	1863
<i>Church Town, Dublin. Daughter of John Waring.</i>				
GEORGE WARNER, <i>Kettering.</i>	75	12	10 mo.	1862
ELIZA WATSON, <i>Leeds.</i>	34	10	12 mo.	1862
JOSEPH WEBB, <i>Dublin.</i>	47	14	8 mo.	1863
HANNAH WEBB, <i>Enniscorthy.</i>	75	1	5 mo.	1863
<i>Widow of James Webb.</i>				
ELIZABETH WEBB, <i>Bristol.</i>	77	5	9 mo.	1863
<i>Wife of James Webb.</i>				
JOHN THOMAS WHITE,	79	8	10 mo.	1862
<i>Cork.</i>				
SARAH ANN WHITE,	38	5	8 mo.	1863
<i>Glasgow. Wife of John Charles White.</i>				

JOHN WHITELEY,	83	6	6 mo.	1863
<i>Calderside, Tormorden.</i>				
MARY WHITING, <i>Reading.</i>	93	31	3 mo.	1863
<i>Widow of Thomas Whiting.</i>				
SARAH WHITTEN,	40	27	8 mo.	1863
<i>Mountmellick.</i>				
MARGARET WILLIAMS,	30	3	2 mo.	1863
<i>Edenderry.</i> Daughter of John and Sarah Williams.				
CATHARINE WINPENNY,	73	9	3 mo.	1863
<i>Macclesfield.</i> Widow of John Winpenny.				
MARY WISE, <i>London.</i>	72	19	12 mo.	1862
DANIEL WOOD,	63	25	5 mo.	1862
<i>Marks Tey, Essex.</i>				
ELMIRA WOOD, <i>Ackworth.</i>	68	27	8 mo.	1863
<i>Widow of James Wood.</i>				
SARAH WOODCOCK,	64	15	10 mo.	1862
<i>Clare, King's County.</i>				
LUCY WOODWARD,	52	20	10 mo.	1862
<i>Stanway, near Colchester.</i> Wife of Henry Woodward.				
THOMAS CLARKE WORSDELL	73	18	4 mo.	1862
This dear Friend was a man of a meek and quiet spirit, and an humble disciple of the Lord Jesus. He had been failing in health for many months, but was not confined to his bed for more than ten days.				

He often spoke of his utter unworthiness, and of the boundless mercy of his Lord and Saviour, frequently saying that all his hope rested on Him alone.

With lively emotion he repeated the hymn :

“ Come ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.”

And again, on its being remarked to him that the Lord would never leave nor forsake those that love Him, he replied with great earnestness, “ No, never,—impossible!” On one occasion, having asked what o’clock it was, and on being informed, he repeated the verses,

“ A few more rolling suns at most  
Will land us safe on Canaan’s coast.”

A little change being made in his position, it was remarked to him, “ Now that is comfortable :” he replied, “ Yes, all is comfortable when laid at the feet of Jesus.—I will bless the Lord at all times, His praise shall continually be in my mouth.”

Desiring his eldest son to be called to him, he said, “ Tell thy two sons that I send my dear love to them, and my desires that they may be *faithful to the Lord*, live to His glory, and lead virtuous and holy lives in His love and fear, and the Lord will sustain and bless them, and in the end they will be permitted to join their dear

grandfather in Heaven, where all is love." His eldest granddaughter being present, he most affectionately entreated her to live near her Saviour, and to adhere closely to the principles of truth, as held by the Society of Friends.

Owing to increasing weakness he was not able to express much more, and in a few hours he quietly passed away.

ELIZABETH WORSDELL, 79 12 1 mo. 1863

*Nantwich.* Widow of Thomas C. Worsdell.

She bore a suffering malady, for a long period, with exemplary Christian patience, frequently acknowledging her faith in Jesus.—Her end was peace.

ISABELLA HELEN WORSDELL, 5 10 1 mo. 1863

*Crewe.* Daughter of Nathaniel and Mary Worsdell.

MARY EDITH WORSDELL, 7 16 1 mo. 1863

*Crewe.* Daughter of Nathaniel and Mary Worsdell.

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The following short account of Katharine Hardy, whose death is recorded at page 36, came too late for insertion in the proper place.

She was the eldest daughter of the late John Chipchase, and died at her father's house at Cotherstone. It is very comforting to her friends

to think of her humble walk and steady Christian conduct, through not a few trials and afflictions, in her short experience of life. They believe that she exercised a quiet influence for good on those around her; and that, though subject to many temptations from a natural hastiness of temper, she was enabled to look to the Lord that bought her, and to seek His forgiveness.

Her strength failed rapidly during the few weeks' illness which preceded her decease, when it was most cheering to her sorrowing relatives and friends to see her meek resignation to the will of her Heavenly Father, and her steadfast faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as her only Saviour, and all-sufficient atonement.

On one occasion, in reply to a message from an absent sister, she said, "Tell ——— the remembrance of the past does not disturb me now. I feel that all my sins are washed away in the blood of the Lamb, and, when washed away, they are not ours to trouble us."

A few hours before death, whilst feebly addressing those around her, she said, "Oh, I am so happy; I have no doubt but that I shall go to my Saviour; I feel such a sweet trust in Him; my soul does magnify the Lord, and my spirit does rejoice in God my Saviour."

MARY WRIGHT, *Kettering.* 80 29 8 mo. 1862

Widow of Francis Wright. An Elder.

The above record will be found in our last *Annual Monitor*, but the relatives of the deceased having been unable at that time to prepare an account have desired the insertion of the following in the present volume.

Mary Wright was the daughter of Robert and Mary Leslie, of Gosport, in Hampshire. Her mother died when she was only a week old, and her father (who was not a Friend) marrying again, she went, when seven years of age, to reside with her maternal grandfather, John Haycock, of Wells, Norfolk. He was a member of our society, and, with his daughter Elizabeth, soon became attached to her; and she remained with them as long as they lived. Here she received a liberal education, and, being endowed with good abilities and great perseverance, she soon excelled most of her school-fellows in many branches of learning; a circumstance which excited the jealousy of some older than herself. She frequently recurred to this period of her life for the instruction of her own children, telling them of the many trials thereby incurred, and how, through the power of Divine grace, which at that early age was at work in her soul, she was enabled to overcome evil with good.

With a thankful heart would she also refer to the loving-kindness of her Heavenly Father in providing for her, when a little orphan girl, (her father dying when she was nine years of age) such truly kind and judicious relatives, who treated her like their own daughter.

Surrounded in her early days by gay companions, both in and out of the Society, she was guarded in her conduct; daily seeking Divine aid to enable her to walk circumspectly, that she might act in conformity with the dictates of her conscience in whatever company she might be. It was her uniform practice before paying a visit to retire to wait upon the Lord, that she might receive strength to avoid any temptation that might assail her; and she often spoke with gratitude of the benefit she had derived therefrom.

Her half-brother, to whom she was much attached, and his mother belonged to the Established Church; and when visiting them she was sometimes necessarily introduced into gay parties, consisting of the surrounding gentry and nobility; but here also she maintained her principles, and was consequently highly respected. When most of the company were engaged in playing at cards, singing, or dancing, one or more would generally be found ready to leave the rest and bear her

company, to listen to her intelligent conversation, or inquire as to her reasons for not joining in these pastimes. In after life she frequently expressed the satisfaction she had derived from thus publicly bearing her testimony against practices, the evils of which she had a full opportunity of witnessing; and she felt thankful for being enabled to withstand all persuasion to join in them. Often did she try to impress upon the minds of her own children the great advantage they enjoyed in receiving a guarded education, and in not being expected to conform to the fashions of the world.

In 1805, on the decease of her beloved aunt, she removed to High Wycombe, where she boarded with some distant relatives, till her marriage with Francis Wright, who then resided at Henley-on-Thames. It was her lot to have often to change her place of residence, the last removal being from Ipswich to Kettering, at which place she lived for thirty-eight years of her life.

She had to pass through much trial, in consequence of serious illness in her family at various times, and out of ten children, three only survived her; but that divine grace which had strengthened her in the hour of temptation, proved to be suf-

ficient for her in her deep afflictions ; and, though her feelings were remarkably acute, she was enabled, with Christian resignation, to bow in submission to the will of her Heavenly Father.

In 1850 she was called upon to resign her beloved husband, to whom she had been a most tender and affectionate wife. She deeply felt this loss, but the assurance she had of his bliss, caused her to rejoice on his behalf, notwithstanding her own sense of loneliness ; and praises and thanksgiving often ascended from her grateful heart.

One of her practices has left an indelible impression on the minds of some of her children ; this was the way in which she endeavoured to train their infant minds to wait upon the Lord in silence, that they might early know the voice of their Saviour in the secret of their hearts, and feel Him near to guide and protect them. She would often, when they were very young, have them sit down with her in her chamber for a short time for this purpose, which was her own daily practice. At times, these were occasions of much tenderness, wherein the young mind was gently touched by the Spirit of the dear Redeemer, and enabled to taste a little of that precious food which He, in His tender mercy, still

condescends to give to the young lambs of the flock as they are brought unto Him in living faith.

In the First month of 1861, she became so feeble as to require an attendant night and day. Her trust in her Heavenly Father was strong, and a grateful sense of His favours often enlivened her conversation. One morning, her face beaming with joy, she described the pleasure she had felt in thinking of the glorified state of her dear departed husband, and in looking forward to a happy meeting with him, in the presence of her beloved Saviour, never more to be separated. She was mostly cheerful and happy; her cup appearing to overflow with blessings, whilst love to her Saviour, and to all around her, was often conspicuous; her favourite text, and one, the importance of which she appeared constantly to feel, being, "God is love."

In the Sixth month of 1862, her son Francis E. Wright, having lost his beloved wife, she removed with her daughter to his house, and she often expressed the comfort she derived from having her son and daughter so much with her. The company of her friends afforded her much pleasure, when able to bear the fatigue, and her cheerful conversation, gentle manners, and loving heart, made her a general favourite with young and old, rich and poor.

On the 18th of Eighth month she seemed remarkably bright and cheerful, was down early, and read with much animation and delight a poem by Hankinson, "The Ministry of Angels," in which she seemed to participate by almost realizing the joy therein described. She had several callers that day, but did not seem overdone till evening, when with great difficulty she ascended the stairs to her room. She never left it again, but gradually became weaker and weaker.

Fifth-day afternoon, the 28th, was a time of much favour: she felt her end approaching, and bade an affectionate farewell to her son and daughter. She expressed her desire to be kept by her Saviour, and her hope that he would go with her through the dark valley. She desired her dear love to all her relations and friends; said she could not name them all, but there were none she would like to omit, her love flowed freely to all mankind. Many were the expressions that escaped her lips, relative to the love, joy, peace, and harmony of the Heavenly kingdom, as she sang praises to the Lord God and the Lamb; and frequently was she heard in prayer, for herself and others. It was comforting to see her so full of love, even in times of the greatest weakness; and it was felt to be cause for great

thankfulness that her mental faculties continued, with but very little exception, remarkably bright to the end. She passed away very peacefully, early in the morning of the 30th.

One who had been some years a resident in the family, in writing of her, says, "Her daily conversation evinced her conviction of what she owed to her Lord, and her desire for the spiritual welfare of those around her. Her well cultivated mind embraced every opportunity for improving conversation, and clothing Christianity in a pleasing garb ; at the same time she acknowledged that in her own experience she had found Him faithful, who had promised, and that His outstretched arm was still extended to the diligent disciple, and His ear ever open to the most feeble petition put up in child-like faith."

The following are subjoined from Mary Wright's private memoranda :—

Twelfth month, 1851. "My Seventieth birthday.—Little did I suppose in the days of my youth that my feeble frame would have continued to bear the infirmities of the flesh to so late a period of human life ; but it has been the will of my Heavenly Father that thus it should be, and that I should survive many who were much stronger, and appeared much more likely than

myself to attain such an age. Oh, may the gracious designs of infinite wisdom in thus sparing my life, be accomplished by His feeble seeking servant; and may entire submission to His holy will be increasingly the experience of my soul, and may love to Him and His cause characterise my every act."

31st of Twelfth month, 1851. "This is the last day in a year which has been marked by great trials and corresponding blessings. May the instruction conveyed by such lessons of judgment and of mercy produce deep impressions on all our minds; that a growth in that life which is hidden with Christ in God, may be our happy experience, that we may constantly confide with humble reliance on His cheering promise, "Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.' "

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*INFANTS whose names are not recorded.*

Under one month ... ... Boys	3	... Girls	1
From one to three months... do.	0	... do.	0
From three to six months... do.	3	... do.	0
From six to twelve months... do.	1	... do.	5

TABLE.  
*Showing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the Years 1860—61, 1861—62, and 1862—63.*

AGE.	YEAR 1860—61.			YEAR 1861—62.			YEAR 1862—63.		
	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female	Total.
Under 1 year* . . . . .	16	6	22	14	8	22	7	6	13
Under 5 years . . . . .	22	16	38	19	16	35	12	17	29
From 5 to 10 , . . . . .	5	5	10	6	2	8	5	4	9
" 10 to 15 , . . . . .	1	1	2	4	2	6	5	4	9
" 15 to 20 , . . . . .	4	7	11	3	5	8	6	5	11
" 20 to 30 , . . . . .	7	9	16	14	10	24	6	9	15
" 30 to 40 , . . . . .	4	9	13	8	14	22	10	15	25
" 40 to 50 , . . . . .	9	7	16	1	14	15	6	5	11
" 50 to 60 , . . . . .	13	19	32	14	7	21	9	15	24
" 60 to 70 , . . . . .	20	32	52	24	21	45	20	18	38
" 70 to 80 , . . . . .	30	45	75	30	40	70	34	41	75
" 80 to 90 , . . . . .	17	29	46	9	27	36	15	26	41
" 90 to 100 , . . . . .	1	3	4	3	4	7	3	12	15
All Ages . . . . .	133	182	315	135	162	297	131	171	302

\*The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."

Average age in 1860—61, 53 years, 5 months, and 12 days.

Average age in 1861—62, 50 years, 10 months, and 15 days.

Average age in 1862—63, 53 years, and 8 days.

*From the American Annual Monitor.*

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RACHEL W. PAGE,

WIFE OF WILSON M. PAGE, YORKTOWN,  
NEW YORK,

*Died the 6th of Second Month, 1861, aged 30 years.*

Among the many promises of our precious Saviour, in sending to his followers the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, he especially declared when He was come, He should convince of sin, and guide into all truth.

The practical application of this great truth is forcibly exhibited in the life and experience of one who passed through many struggles and conflicts, seeking for happiness in the pursuit of worldly pleasures; trying to work out a righte-

ousness of her own ; even leading her through the dark and dreary regions of scepticism, without realizing anything that was soul-satisfying ; until by the operations of the Holy Spirit, she was brought to rejoice in Christ as her Saviour, and her only hope of glory.

In a letter to a friend she thus speaks of the change in her feelings :—

“ When I was sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen, I was most anxious to be a Christian, and had I then understood the gospel, I am sure I should have embraced it. Educational influences had ground into my mind, that religion was a system of works which consisted in renouncing the world, dressing very peculiarly, attending meeting steadily, and carrying a very mournful face. Reading the Scriptures never gave me any light, because I always went full of preconceived ideas, and never in the spirit of a little child, to receive the truth there recorded.

“ Once I remember feeling so concerned about myself, that I took off all the trimming from my clothes and bonnet, but I got no peace. Next, I tried reading and sitting by myself, trying to get into a state of nothingness, and to drive away every thought, expecting the Holy Spirit would visit me, and tell me of some certain awful thing

to do, which would be a great sacrifice, but would result in eternal life. But alas, the Holy Spirit never came. Then I tried journalizing. I recorded every wicked thought and action, thinking the mortification would be so great that it would serve as a sort of check to keep me from evil, but I failed in that also, for my self-love was so great, it was impossible for me to write the truth. At last I gave up in despair, and plunged deep into infidelity. I received books on the subject, and drank them all in, and believed them also.

"Thus I went on for years, till the Lord suddenly rescued me; my face was suddenly turned about; I had no power to take another step. Still I was in great darkness, and needed some experienced Christian to teach me the way. I applied to several, but to no purpose. They only told me to be faithful to 'the Light within,' but there was no light in me.\* I believe the first

\*The above remarks, it must be obvious from the whole tenor of this interesting account, were not intended in the least degree to disparage the genuine Scriptural doctrine of the direct influence of the Holy Spirit, or any of the practical requirements of the Gospel, so fully recognised by Friends, but doubtless had reference to a class of religious professors in America, who, under the notion of what they call the "Inward Light," and whilst laying great stress upon

thing which put me on the right track, was hearing of a lady in great mental distress going to a Friend to be told the way. She told her she ought to pray for help in Jesus Christ, but the reply was, ‘ How can I pray to Him in whom I do not believe?’ ‘ Then pray that thy understanding may be enlightened to receive Him.’ Well, this was exactly my case; how could I receive Him in whom I did not believe, and I had never prayed for help? When I gave up to pray as I had never done before, then came the dawning of a better, brighter, truer day; the prison bars which fettered my soul were broken, and the dawn of the glorious gospel of Christ broke in. When I came to know Him, and experience Him to be my Saviour, then I felt, as John Bunyan says, ‘ The burden to roll from my back, even into the mouth of the sepulchre.’

“ But I am very far from being sanctified, and only till lately have I understood that sanctification, like justification, is the work of the Lord. It is only by looking unto Jesus in all things, that we ever receive any growth of spirit.”

She was of a lively, cheerful disposition, and some external particulars, too often disregard or undervalue some of the great fruits and fundamental truths of the Gospel of Christ.

possessed a kind heart, with warm and generous sympathies, especially for those in affliction, and did not spare herself in labouring for their good. In a letter to a friend she writes:—“Oh, I can’t help thinking of the poor people at the Alms-house. There are a number of cripples there, so infirm they cannot walk, and some are in an open garret, scarcely any shade around them, with the sun pouring down on the roof. I believe I told thee I had meetings there every fifth-day. They always appear glad to see me. I think it is the brightest thing they have to look forward to. When I read and talk to them they are always greatly affected.”

Summer of 1858. Speaking of her little school she says, “The Sabbath School has just closed—the scholars have all gone. In fancy I still hear the echo of their voices. \* \* \* Their cheerful, happy faces, their quiet attentive behaviour, their strong faith and belief in all I teach them, are the strongest lessons I am learning. Oh, how I pray for a faith like theirs, a true living belief in what I teach. I have been lately so very much depressed, and distressed about my spiritual welfare,—there seems such a great wall of sin between my God and myself, that I feel as though I was shut out from Divine favour.

Intellectually, I believe in Christ as the Saviour of the world,—but *that* avails nothing. What my soul desires is, to feel a consciousness of His presence, to live in Him hourly, and labour for His glory."

At a later period, in writing to a valued friend she thus expresses herself: "The Sabbath School has become one of my chief delights, and I regard it as the greatest blessing of my life. It was one of the means which first led me, through thy instrumentality, to seek the Saviour—that Saviour, whom all my life I have crucified in thought and deed. I was so oppressed with the sense of my imperfections as a teacher, teaching a doctrine I only half believed, and imperfectly understood.

"For one year and a half, I was so weighed down with a burden of sin, and unhappiness, and discontent of life, that I could not endure to be one moment alone, and I travelled and visited, and lived in the greatest whirl of excitement I could find, constantly desiring that I might meet death in some form. I thought after death I would commence a new life, for I did not believe in any future retribution, but a most glorious progressive life. I now tremble to think what would have been my doom, had my wish been granted.

Since I have gone to Christ in prayer, with a heart of faith, believing that was my only refuge, and the only rock of defence, I have been so wonderfully relieved. That oppressive weight of unhappiness which hung so heavily upon my heart, is so removed, that I sometimes ask myself whether it ever had an existence. It was a work I could not do myself, for I tried hard enough, by every means in my power, and only added stone upon stone. Oh, I do believe that Christ is able to cleanse from all sin. What can I render to my God, for the continued gift of life, as enabling me to view life in a new light. A Christian life—how beautiful it seems ; to become divested of all selfishness, jealousy, this innate pride, this powerful self-will—all brought in child-like faith, and laid low at the feet of Jesus ; saying ‘Take me, teach me, I come to Thee.’

‘Without one plea,  
Save that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid’st me come to Thee.’”

To the same she writes on Conversion.

“ My experience has been, that people are not convinced of their sinful condition through argument. Unless the heart is prepared to receive the truth, it falls on a dead ear. As in my own

case, for years I heard the gospel preached, not only with indifference, but oftentimes with ridicule. I would not believe anything that conflicted with my reason. And when, for the first time, my heart was awakened to a realizing sense of its sinful condition, it struck a dagger in my soul, which all the powers of my mind were powerless in removing. I grew very dissatisfied with myself, and my heart was broken down with sin!—Then I tried to work out a salvation for myself in good works, losing sight of the passage, ‘Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saves us.’ Oh, how glorious His own free gift!”

In a letter to her mother in 1859, she writes :

“ Oh, mother, there are days when I rejoice in the new birth, a life in Christ, it does so satisfy all the wants of the soul, and I feel such happiness, and joy, as nothing else ever gave me. When I look back, and think of the many resolutions I have made to correct my faults, and live a more righteous life, and so utterly to fail—and now to know, there is a better, a shorter, and truer way, by praying for strength in temptation, for help in weakness, and looking unto Jesus *always*, as our Saviour and *only Rock*, on which we can truly live and grow.”

She was for a time much exercised in regard to what are called the Sacraments, but as her eye was singly directed to her Saviour her understanding became more enlightened, and she was convinced, that whatever may be the forms by which these are conscientiously symbolized by professing Christians, it is they only who experience Christ to dwell in their hearts by faith, who can be nourished at the true communion table of which He spake, "If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in unto him and will sup with him, and he with Me."

She remarks, in reference to a book she had been reading on "Baptism, and the Lord's Supper," "I think Friends are justified in their views concerning them. I am getting to be very much more of a Friend, than I used to be. My feelings are much more in unison with them, than with any other sect. Their principles seem more evangelical, and lead to a more Christ-like life."

Tenth month, 1859.—To a friend.

"I find the only place for me is low in the dust. When I get above that, it is self, and not Jesus. When I most feel my sinfulness and depravity, then I cling most earnestly to my Saviour—pray for help and strength, to do what the Lord requires. I understand, in following after charity,

that it extends even to ourselves ; and I think it possible to get into a very bitter, uncharitable feeling towards ourselves, which produces an unhealthy state.

" We cannot help seeing our weakness, and must necessarily deplore our condition, but to settle down into it, and only bewail our sinful state, brings no growth to the soul. Jesus must be our pattern in all things. We must look out of ourselves, and *wholly unto Him*, and not stop and look backward, to see what progress we have made. I am so apt to run into errors of this nature. It seems as though I was continually sliding into some error, even when I most desire to do right."

Twelfth month, 1859.—" I do not like to be so hurried, for I get so very tired (more in mind than in body). Having no time to read, and but little time to think, my mind gets very low. \* \* \* Then I fly to my room, and hourly cry for mercy, and my prayer is often wonderfully answered.

\* \* \* I feel abashed at my lukewarmness, my pride, and all antagonistic feelings, which come between me and Jesus. I am looking forward to the time of being settled—not that I am expecting a life of inaction, but a change of matters and things, and then I desire afresh to consecrate myself entirely to the Lord. Oh, how I

long to be filled with the spirit of Christ, and to do His will in all things. My daily walk comes so very far short of what I know a Christian's should."

Near the close of the year 1859 she was united in marriage to Wilson M. Page, and removed to reside in Somers, Westchester Co.

Neither her situation, comparatively among strangers, nor her household cares, in any wise diminished her ardor in serving her Divine Master in her efforts to gather "the little ones" into His fold. She laboured diligently in establishing a First-day school in her neighbourhood. Indifference, diversity of religious belief, or complexion, to her presented no barriers, but were rather incentives to increased action in the effort to gather souls. Her success in obtaining scholars exceeded her most ardent expectations, nor was she less successful in securing their warm affection.

She was also much engaged in distributing the Holy Scriptures, a service in which she greatly delighted.

Thankfulness for both spiritual and temporal favours seemed to be a marked trait in her character. Speaking of her new home, she says, "Oh thou cannot imagine the peace, and quietness,

and happiness, I experience as my daily portion. My constant prayer is, ‘Oh God, in the multitude of Thy rich blessings, let me not forget Thee, the Giver.’”

The increasing desire to overcome everything contrary to the spirit of Jesus, marked her as one who truly *loved* Him. Of one besetment, which had been to her a source of deep regret, she says, “I think I have been wonderfully helped in this great fault. I will still daily pray for strength to act right in all things, and have my heart kept right.”

“I find great companionship in books, but there is really nothing in the world so delightful to me as the company of an humble, dedicated Christian.”

A few months before her death :—“I had a nice time in the garden, among the flowers and vegetables. My mind, most of the time, is filled with such sweet thoughts.”

Eleventh month, 1860.—In reference to a sermon she heard, she thus writes :

“The Gospel in its fulness,—so simple that all could understand; so deep and eloquent, that our very souls were stirred. It was quite impossible to keep back the tears, which in joy and thankfulness would come.” In allusion to speaking to

the minister after meeting, she says, "I tried to talk a little, but my heart was bursting in its fulness, and I could not speak audibly." While in the enjoyment of life's rich blessings, and rejoicing in the love of her Saviour, her mind frequently turned towards the Spirit-Land, as if she might soon be there. She enjoined her husband, in case she should be taken from him, to look with increased diligence after "the neglected ones," and to care for the "Sabbath School."

The final summons came suddenly, but found her not unprepared. Trusting in Him in whom she had believed, she rested upon His arm while walking through the valley, and though casting a look of love upon those she was leaving—on him to whom she had been united for so short a time, on the little babe, soon to be motherless, for whom her only anxiety was that he might be a child of Jesus, she said, death had no terrors for her, that her trust was in her Saviour alone.

Thus passed from amongst us one, who, while in health, sought her Saviour, whom she found to be exceedingly precious. Words cannot express the joy and happiness she had in believing. She felt that He was able to keep her, and in Him she put her trust.

## Power in Weakness.

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The following extracts from a little work entitled "Power in Weakness," will, it is believed, be new to many of the readers of the *Annual Monitor*.

William Rhodes, the subject of this memoir, was born in the year 1792, in the Wiltshire village of Damerham, where his father was a carpenter.

His early life was one of much suffering and privation.

A Christian companion proved the means of his conversion; some time after which, through the recommendation of his Pastor, he was admitted as a student in a college at Bristol. He afterwards spent two years at Edinburgh, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with some of the leading men of the University.

He sincerely believed himself called of God to the work of the ministry ; and the promise which his life as a student afforded, led his friends to expect great things from him. A man's heart, however, may devise his way, but the Lord directeth his steps ; and it pleased Him by disappointment on disappointment, and by one afflictive dispensation after another, in a few years to bring him back to his native village, retaining indeed his mental powers in full vigour, but permanently crippled in every other respect.

Damerham was henceforth to be his humble place of service, and here he was enabled to magnify the riches of His grace, whose strength is made perfect in weakness, and to do more for His glory than very many whose natural powers remain unimpaired.

After these introductory remarks we proceed to give a few extracts from the "Memorials."

The numerous letters written by Mr. Rhodes, in the early period of his ministry, might lead to the supposition that he wrote with great facility. But he was no "Knight of the enchanted pen." What appeared to be accomplished with negligent and graceful ease, was in reality the fruit of ter-

rible toil. Indeed, owing to a paralytic affection, he was soon obliged to relinquish the use of the pen altogether, and to write with a pencil, which he grasped and slowly guided over the paper with both his quivering hands. As this infirmity increased, the mechanical difficulty of writing became so great that he very rarely attempted it.

This was a distressing mystery. Here was a man, of whom, when a student, Dr. Thomas Brown had said, "I think he will hereafter do in religion what I am doing in mental philosophy, clear away the lumber and confusion under which its simple and beautiful truths are usually buried;" a man who seemed born only to be a teacher, but who, during the largest part of his life, when most qualified for the high vocation by rich thought and ripe experience, was deprived of almost all instrumental power of teaching. God seems to say to him, "Go, speak for me," and then seals his lips;—"Go, write for me," and then stays his hand. Henceforth he is to feel the torments of a baffled faculty; his most precious thoughts are to be kept secret; the message he is burning to deliver must remain untold.

Besides these hindrances to usefulness, he was always to be a great sufferer, having to cry, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Though he now had some private resources, he was always to be poor, always to be disappointed. Under these circumstances, many a servant of the Lord with a similar order of endowments would have deemed himself absolved from further service, would have settled down into a mere man of meditation, a devout and refined idealist, only consoling himself through the rest of his lingering life with the sentiment, "They also serve that wait." But Mr. Rhodes, by the force of a strong will and an unquenchable spirit of love, so mastered the disadvantages of his lot, and so compelled the body to be the servant of the soul, that he was able to perform works of faith and love, only like those wrought by such men as Pastor Oberlin and Felix Neff.

Self-denial with him was studied as a science, in which, by some fresh contrivance or ingenious experiment, he was constantly making advances. By economizing in every conceivable and inconceivable way, he was able very extensively to do good and communicate.

He went about "doing good by stealth," praying and teaching in the houses of his poorer neighbours, and "trying," as he said, "to nurse both body and soul." He delighted to plod and plan for them, to allure them into habits of forethought

and refinement, and to cheer them on in their struggles with that “armed man” poverty.

His services in the little chapel (mainly built by his own efforts) had the charm of primitive simplicity. Too weak to stand, he generally sat to preach, and sometimes preached almost in whispers. There was not a trace of his original tendency to abstract thought or ornamental diction. It was a father talking earnestly to his children. “His theme latterly,” writes the Rev. Morgan Williams, was that of John—“God’s love; not as a fact of the past, but as a present reality; ‘Little children, love God, and love one another.’ His language was plain and appropriate: he dealt much in appeal; he was very faithful.” A lady, who was visiting at Damerham, in 1850, says:—“The congregation seemed like a few gathered from the outer world, who assembled there to worship God ‘in spirit and in truth.’ It was delightful to witness the decency, the stillness of the people, all poor, and their fixed, hushed attention. The tender pleadings of the pastor’s address, the casting of himself and all around him in prayer on the Saviour, the hanging and clinging to the ‘blessed Lord Jesus,’ I felt to be most sweet, childlike, and touching. The poor men in their white frocks, their rugged faces with a soft-

ened, thoughtful cast most evident and striking,—and the poor women, with their checked or spotted handkerchiefs neatly pinned over their shoulders, all looking at him, and drinking in the precious words which proceeded out of his mouth,—very much impressed me."

His conversation was flavoured with a subtle and delicate humour; he had a keen eye for the comedy of life, and was ever ready to lessen, with some blithe pleasantry, the tasks of those about him. Yet he had no toleration for aimless and frivolous chit-chat. "A young friend," Mr. Williams relates, "was once spending some time with Mrs. Rhodes. They were engaged freely in conversation on subjects which Mr. Rhodes deemed rather frivolous. In his kind and pleasant way he stopped them, and said, 'Enough of that for the present, let us talk of something better.' He then, in his usual manner, related a fact from his rich fund of anecdotes, which, though bearing on the subject of their talk, turned it into a higher direction, and then left the room. 'Do you know E——,' said Mrs. Rhodes, when he was gone, 'we must improve; Mr. Rhodes is gone to pray for us!'"

The gentleman who furnishes this incident has written an interesting letter, in which he makes the following statements:—

" It was about five or six years ago that I first met my late esteemed friend. I remember being struck with his appearance. There stood a man of venerable and patriarchal air ; and though feeble in body, with a remarkably penetrating yet benignant eye, and with a fine and spiritual cast of countenance, as if it belonged to one who had descended from a higher sphere. \* \* \* A few kind words bound me to him at once ; and this was the beginning of a friendship that was most beneficial to my mind and heart.

" His rare excellence of character was apparent even in the most brief and casual intercourse with him. Although there was hardly any one in the village who could have formed any estimate of his noble mental powers, all were struck with his goodness, even in the first interview, and closer acquaintance enhanced the high idea of his value formed under first impressions.

" Perhaps the first idea that struck one, when introduced to him, and made only partially acquainted with his mode of life, would be, ' Here is a man who lives for the glory of God, *and for nothing else.*' This was, indeed, the great predominating principle of his life. His aim was to let religion influence him in every part of his being ; —to exhibit as much as possible the *completeness* of

the Christian character, and carry out the injunctions of the Apostle, ‘Add to your faith, virtue,’ &c. Few, I think, have been so successful in attaining this object.

“I believe the key to the knowledge of his spiritual excellence may be found in a conversation I once had with him. He was speaking of two great elements of religion which he regarded to be defective in much of the Christianity of the present day, but which were possessed in an eminent degree by our Puritan and Nonconformist forefathers—viz., *devoutness and self-denial*. ‘Why,’ he would say, with great emphasis, ‘why are these elements not more dwelt upon in our preaching, and why are our people not more frequently told that they cannot be Christians unless they know what it is to deny themselves? To think of these at all is to be convinced of their importance. Indeed, by a wide construction, they may be made to embrace all other elements, the one denoting the whole aspect of the renewed soul towards God, and the other its aspect towards man.’ ”

Mr. Rhodes was eminently devout, as was apparent from the tone of his mind and conversation.

He had strong faith in prayer, and spent much time daily in its exercise. His self-denial was worthy of all praise. He laboured week-days and

Sundays for the benefit of the sick and needy poor of the village, without receiving any remuneration for ministerial, medical, or any other services. He founded a "Temperance Society" in the village. Aided by a generous friend who lived at a distance, he established a school for the village children, and under the daily superintendence of himself and Mrs. Rhodes, it was sustained in a high degree of efficiency. There was no medical practitioner within several miles; he therefore fitted up an apartment in his cottage, as an apothecary's shop, stored it with common medicines, procured a galvanic apparatus, and became the village doctor. As he had attended medical lectures in Edinburgh, had a strong natural turn for science, and had acquired much practical knowledge of it, he accomplished by these means a large amount of good, and this was the only department of his labours by which he acquired popular fame. All was done gratuitously, and if, as was sometimes the case, he received a present for benefit conferred, it was always devoted to some Missionary Society, or some benevolent fund. His friend adds, "I never knew a man who did so much, but expected so little in return."

The extracts which follow give some of the results of his pastoral experience and observation.

They are gleaned from letters and from confused pencil jottings, on carefully saved fragments of waste paper :—

“ While I was at this place, an incident occurred which, although slight and common in itself, had a most important effect on my spiritual life. One of my hearers had aspersed the character of another. In reproving her for it, I referred to the import and obligation of the second commandment, which she had violated. While I was thus speaking, a vivid and piercing conviction flashed upon me that I myself had been violating this sacred law ever since I had been a Christian. I have no words to express the intense shame and penitence which this conviction produced. My numerous violations of this sovereign law were recalled to my mind with alarming brightness of thought, and produced quite a radiance of terror. The side of my mind towards the blessed God had, indeed, often beamed with devotion and love ; but the side of it towards man had been defective in tenderness and humility of feeling and speech. I had scorned the abilities of inferior men, and had been in the habit of marking with keen and cool severity the mortal defects of good people. I did

not know until now that I had been guilty of such sins. I was in as much penitent distress, though not in such a wilderness of troubled thought, as at the time of my conversion. I felt that these sins had placed me in a proud and hateful opposition to the mind of my Saviour. Most fervently did I pray for pardon and renovation, and never were my prayers more distinctly answered. These unsanctified tempers began to melt away before that Divine light and power which revealed their existence; since that time it has been easy and delightful to honour and love my fellow-creatures. I was converted to the spirit of the second commandment."

"There are few things for which I have more reason to thank my Saviour than for the power He has given me of combining high thoughts with humble doings. This power to unite noble and devotional contemplations with constant attention to the numerous cares, and toils, and trifles, and nursings of my little family, is a great delight to me. It unites into harmony the extremes of existence—the intellectual and the sensible, the lofty and the mean; the cares of the present with the prospects of the eternal.

This is a sort of living at the same time all over the universe of our being. The things themselves are very remote ; strong exercises of the intellect, and the habitual contemplation of heaven, and a minute regard to bread and tea, firing and candles. Yet no reason can be given why a person should not try to be a tender and diligent nurse, a prudent and frugal housekeeper, and all the time an intellectual and elevated Christian."

" It is delightful to reflect that the most holy and felicitous influence of our religion may be felt by rude and uncultivated minds. But even truths of unlimited magnitude and glory seem to take something of the littleness and debasement of the minds in which they reside. I sometimes feel a melancholy sentiment, when mingling with some of the poor, and with many who are not poor, to observe their confinement and poverty of thought, their vague conceptions, and their little powers of conversation, when that glorious subject is introduced which replenishes the faculties and inspires the eloquence of spirits in another sphere. What a dim and wavering sight of the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity ! what an insensibility to the dignity of being immortal ! and how

even the central facts of the Gospel are faintly believed in as naked facts only, and not as infinitely suggestive, kindling, influential wonders! These persons have not the proper use of their faculties. Verily, they ‘are at home in the body.’ ‘Their talk is of oxen, and they glory in the goad.’ Their minds have never been quickened by continuous action, and, absorbed in the common toils of life, will remain dormant till the body die, and they are roused to sensibility and thought by the voices and visions of eternity. Meanwhile, thanks to our blessed Saviour, many of them are tasting the sweetness and feeling the consoling efficacy of religion, although blind to its intellectual splendour. But those who have time to command, should feel it their sacred vocation to expand and train their minds by vigorous thinking, that they may widen and brighten their perceptions of the religion they profess to love.”

“After all I have frequently said of the evils which result from piety being mingled with ignorance, in the minds of the poorer classes more especially, it is the poor—the poor in intellect as well as in circumstances—who have most of that undisputing simplicity of heart which the King

delighteth to honour with His benediction and presence. I am perfectly convinced that much more of the illuminating Spirit is given to very many of them than to most pious minds of richer culture. There is a pride in cultivated reason which even the most devout can hardly repress, even when meditating on the word of God. The slightest tincture of this satanic spirit is offensive to Him, and causes Him to withhold His grace. We may covet the happiness of those humble, pious men who read the Bible with entire devotion, and yet have not penetration enough to detect its mysterious difficulties. I sometimes look wistfully back on those simple days when my spiritual life was commencing; when I used to go forth to my labours with the New Testament in my pocket, that I might glance over its pages at the next leisure moment. I read it with fresh, unworn, unspeakable interest. It was Adam's first walk in Paradise. Yet I then had no thought of its intellectual grandeur or literary beauties, little thought even of the ineffable sublimity of the prospects it opens and the truths it tells. I seemed only alive to its tenderness and solemnity. Christ was there. I went to Him for life, and found it. I was baptized and absorbed in His dying love. I perceived more and more clearly that His love

was the one theme of His word, its celestial riches, its wonderful peculiarity ; and I reposed and delighted in it as my highest joy.

“ Since that time, I have too much indulged the habit, so incident to thoughtful persons, of meditating on the word of God for the supreme sake of having my intellect employed and delighted. This was especially the case during part of my life at Edinburgh. I applied my metaphysics to it, seeking to know what may not yet be known, and was guilty of unholy daring. \* \* \* \* \* Gradually I lost many of my first simple and affecting sentiments. My mind was greatly disturbed. For a time, there was fluttering uncertainty of thought ; but, like the dove, I soon flew back to the ark. My Saviour was most merciful to me. He saw my danger and has kept me to this hour. Still, the consideration of the many imperfections and mistakes which are connected with my study of His truth, makes me long, in my best moments, to be quickly removed to the state of perfect illumination.”

“ Many Christians seem to wish for safety rather than excellence, and to care more for comfort than for duty. The one question into

which they seem to concentrate the vigour and intensity of the soul is this, *Am I safe?* In their conversations on religion they lay down a thousand marks and tests of safety, but say little about incentives to the attainment of sublime goodness. The time which is consumed on this perplexing inquiry would, if well employed, raise them to an eminence of piety which hesitations and doubts could not visit. This unscriptural solicitude about safety, and the wrong direction which is given to it, has a wide and most wretched influence. It confines a man's attentions and wishes within the little sphere of his own little soul, and will not let him go out in generous efforts and burning prayers for others. The world of souls among which he is placed may perish :—that he may feel safe is all.

“ The selfishness of our nature, which the amazing generosity of the Son of God is most eminently adapted and intended to destroy, is wonderfully invigorated by this delusion. It locks up in the dungeon of man's own wretched soul that fine spirit of honour and benevolence which all the voices of Heaven are calling forth into noble and delighted exertion. It even gives a character of selfishness to the actions of benevolence itself. This vile temper, which is so

hated in Heaven, so much opposed in the New Testament, so fatal to our purest peace, is cherished by the supreme wish for safety which so many sermons inspire, and so many Christians feel. Safety and comfort,—this is what the good people talk about at home, what they talk about in Christian society,—what they are concerned about in the house of God ; and the instructions they hear are hated or loved, as they promote or impair that one beloved thing.”

“Pity those perpendicular, angular, frigidly accurate good men, who never betray an emotion, never express an affection. Dry as a diagram, cold as a stone, entirely passionless in manner, yet never wittingly holding a wrong principle, or doing a wrong thing. It was not always thus with some of them. They were once full of gentle feeling, but they stifled it, being too shy or too proud to give it expression. By this reserve they inflicted upon themselves a fatal injury,—they put their own hearts to death. If you keep your social affections secret,—‘a fountain sealed,’ ‘a garden enclosed ;’ if you hide them amidst the shadows of your inner nature, like flowers in the dark, they will wither and die.

Let the world be the better for them ; give them free, light-hearted speech ; bring them out into the fresh air and sunshine, that they may grow and flourish, pouring forth sweet odours, acceptable, well-pleasing to God and to man."

The following is a letter written by W. R to his wife, when she was away from home in the summer of 1837.

"'My dear heart in the truth and the life, which are immortal and change not.' So George Fox usually addressed his wife. I have finished his life of 650 folio pages, since you have been gone. It afforded me much amusement ; but its chief impression is that of the highest veneration and delight for so holy and noble a servant of Christ. I had hitherto regarded Penn's as the most beautiful character which that sect has produced, and perhaps it is the most beautiful, because his mind was more cultivated and polished than that of his friend ; but Fox's character is by far the most venerable and magnificent. He reminds me of the inspired Tishbite in his stern majesty and fidelity, but he seems to have surpassed him in all the patient, gentle, compassionate, suffering, and laborious virtues. If inspiration has been

granted since the Apostles departed from the world, I think he possessed it. I have read few things more truly sublime than some of his letters to Charles the Second. What from the pen or lips of man can exceed this?—

“ ‘ TO THE KING.

“ ‘ The principle of the Quakers is the Spirit of Christ, who delivers them from the sins against law which it is thy office to punish, and from many more sins which thy power cannot reach. We save thee from thy awful work of punishing evil-doers, so far as our principles are embraced. If all thy people followed us, and obeyed the heavenly and immortal Master that we obey, thou and thy magistrates would have no crimes to punish. This is from one who desires the eternal good of the king, and of all his subjects ; in Christ Jesus our Lord.

G. Fox.’

“ You remember that I was reading Channing when you left me. I have finished and returned the first volume, but have not yet closed the second. When you return, I will give you my opinion of this fascinating writer. Great power and beauty are displayed in his pages ; great refinement and elevation of mind ; and many Christian virtues are exhibited in the most serious and beautiful light. For his personal qualities he

must be a delightful and delighting man, with whom I should greatly love to have a long month's debate on the solemn topics on which we differ ; for it has filled me with sadness, though it has not impaired my admiration, to see so much splendour and excellence combined with a total melancholy absence, or rather decided and eloquent rejection, of those views of the Gospel and of Christ, which form the consolation of my heart, and my hope of blessed immortality. Here my admiration is turned into pity and profound regret. How a mind so fervent, so full of compassion, so radiant with pure aspirations, can find repose in the cold negations of the Socinian creed, and with a good conscience can employ its powers to seduce and enchant others into the adoption of the same moonlight and powerless sentiments of piety, is to me passing wonderful and sad. To those who receive the New Testament *as it is*, willing and grateful to be taught by the Father of their spirits, and not to dispute His teaching, and have found peace for eternity in the love of their Redeemer, how affecting it is to read the statements made in these beautiful pages. That the sole terms of Divine forgiveness are penitence and improvement in virtue, that holiness is originated by our own minds—that the attainment of religion is as easy

to our nature as the attainment of knowledge—that the atonement is a fiction of human device, and, of course, that the Saviour of the world is only the most excellent and dignified of mortals. Alas! for our hopeless race, if this be the gospel,—if this be all that the God of heaven has provided to redeem and save them! What a deception and mockery of the deep misery of all souls it would be to call this the great salvation! By serious and thoughtful persons, whose views are fixed by prayerful meditation on the Scriptures, and by deep and mournful acquaintance with themselves, these volumes may be read with advantage; while to others, who have no tender and awful reverence for the word of God, with little experience of a penitent heart, and who are disposed to indulge in unholy freedom and daring of thought on the things of religion, these pages will prove like the serpent of Paradise, full of beauty, but full of danger to their souls. I pray for this excellent and admirable man, that through Divine illumination and grace he may ‘add unto his virtue, faith’ in a divine Redeemer. I pray that his heart may be brought into tune with the music of heaven, with the song of the adoring and loyal universe, towards Him who made the whole. ‘And I beheld, and I heard

the voice of many angels round the throne, and the living beings and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.' That heart which is not gratefully responsive to this temper of heaven, whatever other graces may adorn it, is not fit for the kingdom of God, where all delight to honour the Son, as they honour the Father."

In the Spring of 1856 it was too plain to all around him that his frail frame could hold out but a very little longer. His life now seemed yet loftier, and through his speech and manner there breathed the fragrance of a yet more heavenly spirit.

"Drawing near to the gates of the city, he had a more perfect view thereof." He arranged and labelled his papers, "set his house in order," and waited for the summons "to stand before the King."

During this waiting time he wrote, with difficulty, part of a letter to a friend, and the following words, extracted from it, were the last his pencil ever traced:—

"During the brief remainder of our life, becoming more religiously precious as it approaches its conclusion, may our God and Saviour preserve us from the calamity of living in vain. Let us labour and aspire to make the last stage of our pilgrimage more worthy of our great prospects in the world to come. How soon to us it will lose this mysterious and awful name, and be our present world! I trust, in our compassionate Redeemer, that we have nothing to fear in that change of worlds. If we are living in His service and friendship, we are prepared to go, and may be delighted to go to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, whenever the voice of our Lord shall call us."

The 7th of May, only a few days after this was written, was his last day on earth. "It will soon be over," said he, "I have now no power to carry out a thought—I can only ejaculate a prayer; I can do nothing for my soul, or for eternity; that is done." Soon after this he fell into a soft sleep. With a touch so gentle that the bystanders could not detect it, Death, like the angel of the Lord, smote the sleeping disciple, and in a moment unknown the chains were broken, and the spirit was free!

Some of the disciples of Jesus content them-

selves with doing little in the service of their Lord because they are poor; others, because they are weak; others, because they dwell in the Meshech of some dreary and uncongenial sphere. Some who wear His name are useless on account of certain slight and almost imaginary ailments,—“the subtle and elegant agonies, the fine disquietudes of a gossamer frame.” Others, through His grace, are doing what they can, and mourning that they can do no more. Others are out of heart because they appear to labour in vain. All may derive a lesson from these pages.

If we derive all our motive-power from the cross, and all our inspiration from the Spirit of Jesus, and if we, forgetting ourselves, learn to say, “For us to live is Christ,” His strength will be made perfect in our weakness, and our very infirmities will be turned into the means of showing forth His praise.

This simple story may be fitly concluded in the words of the spiritual hero, whose life it aims to make known; words which might have been a reply to the question, “Tell me I pray thee, wherein thy great strength lieth?” “In carrying out what my conscience dictates, I have had much to wrestle with, and peculiar efforts to make; and so would any spirit from

heaven, if he were placed in a body like mine, and dwelt in a scene like this ; but the life I live in the flesh is spent in hourly dependence on the blessed Redeemer, who has said, ‘ He who abideth in me, and in whom I abide, produceth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.’ *There is power enough in Heaven for us, and we shall draw it down by faith and prayer.*”

## “The Lord is with thee.”

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*Extracted (by permission) from “Mary the Handmaid of the Lord;” by the Author of “Tales and Sketches of Christian Life.”*

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God’s religion begins with that to which man’s religions tend—the favour and presence of God. Man ends with aspirations; God begins with gifts. When the angel came to Mary in her Galilean home, his first words were of grace: “Hail! thou that art highly favoured, graciously accepted, filled with grace. Blessed art thou among women!” And the fulness of the blessing is contained in the announcement of the fact, “The Lord is with thee.” Afterwards came a promise which made her destiny a more glorious one than ever had fallen, or ever can fall, to the lot of woman; most glorious in this, that, like all

the glory which God gives, it absorbed self instead of magnifying it ; a promise for which, since Eve, mother of all living, rejoiced in her first-born, (little dreaming that the first infant smile which earth saw was on the face of a fratricide,) faithful hearts had yearned and waited, and in whose fulfilment all generations shall indeed "call her blessed."

And yet that first salutation of the angel, that first blessing, that actual fact—"The Lord is with thee," transcends all promises; for in it lies the secret of all strength and the germ of eternal joy. Heaven's richest blessings are its widest; beyond all the wine of individual bliss is the living water of which all may drink abundantly and live.

*The Lord*, the Almighty, He who fainteth not, neither is weary, whose understanding there is no searching, of whose riches the whole earth, and of whose glory the heavens are full,—*with thee*, on thy side against all foes, by thy side in all thy sorrows; with thee as no friend, as no angel, can be with thee; with thine inmost spirit, with thee as thy light, thy strength, thy joy, thy life, thy Redeemer, thy Father!

This is *the secret*, hidden from the wise and revealed unto babes,—the truth that when we perceive we live, when we forget we wither and

droop, when we remember we are in health and abound.

The presence of God in grace with the individual soul, *God with us*, this is life; the conscious abiding in His presence, *we with God*, this is health. And this is what the gospel alone proclaims to the world, and the Spirit of God alone can reveal to the heart.

The natural religion of man, whether outwardly developed in a creed or system or not, consists in the effort of the heart to toil up to God, combined with the struggle of the conscience to interpose something between.

These aspirations may vary from the most ingenious corporeal self-torture of the ascetic to the most beneficent works of a refined deism, or the most spiritual exercises and emotions of natural devotion. The path may be made as rough as conscience can dictate, or rich in all the luxury of artistic beauty which warm hearts and poetical fancies can shed upon it; but unless it begins with God, it can never lead to God.

The favour of God, the perfect acceptance of the soul by God, is not the end of spiritual life, but its very element and commencement. This is what human systems never teach. They can fill the temple with incense, and the altar with

offerings, the heart with a glow of emotion, and the life with the fervour of benevolence ; for human nature has not sunk to the moral level of Satan's, or he need not tempt : the thistles have not yet choked the flowers ; the ruin retains a thousand relics of its old design and decorations, and it is the ruin of a temple of God. On the wings of enrapt devotion or poetic thought, men seek to soar to heaven ; by the roughest ladders of spiritual exercise and self-renunciation, they strive one by one to climb the heights, and they have built Babels to make the access easy to the multitude. But "*no man hath ascended up to heaven, but He who came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven,*"—in heaven and with the " contrite and humble spirit."

Thus one effort of human religions, the endeavour to find or make a way to God, is met and fulfilled in Jesus. He is the Way. The heaven we seek, toiling over rock and mountain, yet finding it ever hopelessly above, is at our doors. Jesus is our religion, our offering, the incense of our offering, our sacrament, our Priest. God Himself is the way to God. Immanuel, " the Lord is with thee."

Side by side with the heavenward aspirations of the heart, we find the conscience equally hard at

work to keep God away, or at least to interpose some veil or shield between us and Him. The one feeling is as truthful as the other. The one arises from a sense of exile from God's presence, the other from a sense of unfitness for it; the first from a dim thirst for life, the last from a dim fear of justice. The veil may be woven of the roughest material texture, or the subtlest spiritual essence. The apron and the trees of the garden have passed through an endless variety of forms yet the original materials have been little departed from. A robe of our own weaving to enwrap the soul, and a hiding place amidst God's creation from the Creator. Sweet natural affections, heroic virtues, unnatural renunciations, man has wrapped around the deformity of his fallen soul. Multitudes of monstrous symbolic idols, gorgeous religious ceremonials, the very beauty of the earth and the glory of the heavens God made for us, the very ordinances He gave to make us remember Him, the angels who delight to do His pleasure, the just spirits He has made perfect, she who in her lowness was honoured to be the mother of her Lord,—of all these have we made screens behind which to hide from God, dreaming with Adam, that God's light, like the sun's, casts a shadow, and that there can be a barrier not

translucent to Him. Yet Adam's conscience and the natural conscience of mankind are right ; it is perfectly true that we cannot stand in the light of God's presence—we need a veil and a hiding place.

And here in our guilt, as well as in our exile, God meets us. All human ways to Him lead not to Him; they are indeed not ways, but barriers. *Jesus is the way.* All our screens from God are no refuges ; they hide indeed His light from us, but leave us exposed to Him. *Jesus is the hiding place;* in Him our transgressions are forgiven, our sins are covered. The Omniscient Eye, which is itself light as well as sight, sees not a sin in us, looking on us through Him ; and “the Lord is with thee” becomes again to redeemed man the joyful truth it is to unfallen angels.

From Adam's “for he was afraid,” to David's “In the secret of Thy presence shalt Thou hide them ;” from Peter's “Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord !” to “Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord ;” what a change ! The Lord our Righteousness makes the name Immanuel glad tidings of great joy.

And from this reception of Jesus, from the belief of this fact, God the Saviour with us, how many other joyful facts and blessed duties flow !

It is this which is the strength and joy of the Christian ; it is the feebler or fuller apprehension of this which makes the difference between one disciple and another ; for do not all the various compounds of Christian character, when thoroughly analyzed, depend on the relative proportions of this one ingredient ?

The presence of God ! Let us ponder in the silence of our hearts what it means, and what it involves. It is the deepest joy of heaven. In all the pictures our imagination can draw of heaven, in all the glimpses faith obtains of its inconceivable happiness, the perfection of every faculty, the constant and successful employment of every energy with an intensity we reach here but in a few fervent moments, in the praises of that temple whose ordinary worshippers are poets, and whose ordinary language dwells in the heights of song, of whose joy we know so little except negatively,—by the absence of tears and pain and sin,—the joy of joys is, not the myriads of angels, the light, the activity, the song, but that *the Lord is there!* “God and the Lamb are the light thereof.” And this, even this, is ours by faith now ; ours with one element which angels cannot know ; ours, as restored exiles and forgiven prodigals, as the presence of a reconciled Father, and a Redeemer crucified for us.

Then what results from this?

In the first place, we are never alone. The Christian's life should never, can never, be a solitary one. A life of service must be a life of love. And no path can be barren, if the fountain of living waters flows by its side. Yet there are lives which bereavement has left very poor in natural companionship, and homes which at times seem silent when the echo of other full and joyous firesides reaches them. And there are those who have no homes on earth, dwelling as strangers in the homes of others; and in all lives there are lonely hours, hours when trial and perplexity come, and the friend on whose sympathy and judgment we would lean is not near; and in many hearts there are places too tender for any human hand to touch. What a truth then is that which turns hours of loneliness into hours of the richest and most blessed companionship; companionship which makes the heart glow and the face shine, so that those who dwell much in it, bear a visible and sensible sunshine with them wherever they come. For the presence of God is no abstract truth, no mere presence of a sun, to whose light we may lay open our souls as the flowers their leaves, and be transfigured; but the communion of spirit with

spirit: no mere presence of an angel watching us and loving us in silence,—it is the presence of One with whom we may have intercourse as a man with his friend, to whom we may speak—speak of everything which interests us, make requests and have them granted, ask questions and have them answered; one who is not silent toward us. O let us bathe our souls in this joy,—drink, yea, drink abundantly of it, and be refreshed. Let us begin every prayer remembering it, and rise from every prayer strengthened with the remembrance; read the Bible as the word of One present; speak of Him as of One present; carry it about with us all day as our shield and strength, and rest in it all night.

And not only are we thus never lonely, never without sympathy, but we are never without help. We have no right to say of any good work, "It is too hard for me to do;" or of any sorrow, "It is too hard for me to bear," or of any sinful habit, "It is too hard for me to overcome." St. Peter knew what it was, when he felt the hand stretched out to grasp his, and walked on the waves. St. Paul knew what it meant when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound: I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." s

We know the power of a day's or an hour's intercourse with one thoroughly and intensely in earnest; the expansion it gives to our thoughts, the reality it gives to our lives, the lifting up of our whole natures by the might of sympathy to a higher level and a clearer air. What then is it to dwell perpetually in the presence of Him whose purposes are facts, whose words are creations, with whom no falsehood can exist an instant; in living communion with the Highest, the Mightiest, and the Best? It is to have our hearts permanently raised into their purest atmosphere, and our minds permanently expanded to their fullest vigour; it is daily to grow like God.

Then, how free this truth makes us! What are the glances of men when the eye of God is on us, and our eye on Him! What does the opinion of the whole world, or, what is to us far weightier, the felt and expressed opinion of our own small public, the circle in which we move, weigh in that balance? As sympathy, indeed, much; but as a fetter—light as St. Peter's chains when the angel touched him.

Yet, in this freedom, how humble! Seen through and through, not a broken resolution, not an infirmity, not a sin, not a desire, a regret, a fear, a mixed motive unknown! A presence we

could not stand in one single instant, if the light which penetrates us did not also clothe us, and the God who sees were not also the Man who was crucified for us.

Yet, if these things be so, how is it the Church is not indeed a light set on a hill; from which men may indeed fly as they do from the light of the world, but which they cannot open their eyes and fail to see? How is it that the life of every one among us is not such that all men should be constrained to say of us, as of our Lord, " We find no fault in them ?"

Is it not because, though God is always with us, we are so seldom with God? There is a sense in which, if any man keep the words of Jesus, the Father and the Son *come* to him, and manifest themselves to him, as they do not unto the world; a sense as little contradictory of the truth of His perpetual presence with all, as it is of astronomical fact, when in common speech we say, The sun rises and sets.

It is possible for us on earth consciously to abide in God's presence, and it is possible for us not to do so, and in not doing so, unchanging as His love and purposes are, to lose the enjoyment of every blessing which His presence brings; to be and do the very reverse of all our Lord says

of the fruitful branch ; to bear no fruit ; to dis-honour the Father ; to wither and dry up ; to be cast forth as a branch and burned,—all the works and toil of our life (some of them perhaps religious works,) burned and reduced to ashes ; and we, if still in His abounding grace, saved though as by fire, yet meeting Him who laid down His life for us, without one of those labours of love He so rejoices never to forget.

And, on the other hand, it is possible so to abide in Him, so consciously to dwell in His presence, as in an atmosphere of perpetual prayer, that, having in ourselves neither strength nor peace, we may yet, through living union with Him, bring forth much fruit ; have in Jesus, and in ourselves through the indwelling Spirit, a perpetual fountain of life and peace, and be to others a perpetual source of refreshment and blessing. May He engrave His warnings in their full depth upon our hearts, and enable us to aim stedfastly at the highest things, and to covet earnestly the best gifts ; and in spite of repeated failure and forgetfulness, to rest satisfied with nothing short of this—that as to each of us it is said, “The Lord is with thee,” so we even here may be “ever with the Lord.”

It is no elaborate picture that we are commanded to form, no laboured realization we are required painfully to affect ; we are but to lift up

our eyes, and we shall surely meet His eye resting upon us ; lift them up, not only in our prayers, but at our work, amidst our cares, our perplexities, our sorrows, and our joys. We do not leave His presence to enter on His service. Mary, the sister of Martha, was as much in communion with Jesus when she anointed His feet with precious ointment, as when she sat at His feet and heard His words. When the people of God journeyed through the wilderness, the pillar of fire journeyed before them ; and when Israel dwelt in tents, the Shechinah shone within a tabernacle. And by and bye, we know not how soon, all our struggles will cease ; our eyes will no more close heavy with sleep, even when Jesus transfigured is nigh ; the world will be able to distract our thoughts no more, nor Satan to weave his magic veils before our dazzled sight. Then the joy of heaven will be but the sight of what we now by faith possess, we shall see Him as He *is* ; and the glory of heaven will be but the visible revelation of what we may now by faith enjoy. “When He appears, then shall we appear with Him in glory.”

But in the future, let us not lose sight of the present blessing, nor forget, in the hope of the full redemption, the glorious earnest of the inheritance actually bestowed on faith. In the

living temples of God now, as it is reported of the old temple at Jerusalem, and prophesied of that holy city which shall be one temple, God Himself being its sanctuary, a well of living water springs up perpetually unto eternal life. The moral strength which God gives to the believer is no mere nourishment and bracing of the spiritual faculties, but the indwelling of the living Spirit; of One who may be "grieved," but whose nature is "love, joy, peace," since such are the visible tokens of His presence. As personally as Jesus will be present with the Church after the resurrection, the Holy Spirit is present with her now. Here, indeed, sin often dims our perceptions and hinders our communion; but God is the same to us now as He will be hereafter, and what will heaven be but the manifestation, to purified and perfected beings, of the love and the presence of God?

## From Vaughan's Lectures on Revelations.

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*After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;*

*And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.*

*And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,*

*Saying, Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.*

*And one of the elders answered, saying unto me,*

*What are these which are arrayed in white robes ?  
and whence came they ?*

*And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

*Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.*

*They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.*

*For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—Rev. vii., 9-17.*

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*What are these which are arrayed in white robes ?  
whence come they ?*

Let us gather into one or two comprehensive heads the doctrine of this whole passage. Let us ask of the elder, *Whence came they ?* Let us see who they are, that we may know whether we shall ever be among them. They are very briefly described as having *washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*

We may bless God for that account of them. The robes were not always white. It does not say, they are those who had never sinned. It does not say, they are those who never soiled the spotless purity of their dress. No, they are those who on earth, before they left earth, *had washed their robes, and made them white.*

Therefore we do not turn away from the words because we are sinners; because our hearts testify against us; because we are conscious of many a stain upon these lives and souls of ours. Those of whom we now read are not of those *ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.* They are rather like him of whom we read in the prophet Zechariah, who is seen at first *clad in filthy garments;* but of whom the angel of the Lord, or one greater than he, has said to those that stood before him: "*Take away the filthy garments from him;*" and then to him: "*Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.*" Of these might it be said, as of the Corinthians, to whom St. Paul addressed the words: *And such were some of you;*—sinners not only in the corruptions of a fallen nature, but in definite act also;—*but ye are washed but ye are sanctified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.*

*In the name of the Lord Jesus.* Yes, they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

There is hope then for sinners. They are not excluded. Some of those who form this glorious company in heaven, had occasion to wash their robes even from very foul stains. But, is that washing done in us? It is little to say; we *may* wash our robes, however stained and soiled: is it done? Is it in progress? Are our robes in process of this washing? There is another place, of which we read in the closing scenes of this book, (Rev. xxi., 8.) which must receive those whose garments are left soiled, left stained, and who die so. *God has no pleasure in our death;* but we must turn ourselves, we must submit ourselves to His turning, if we would live. *In the blood of the Lamb:* then, in that death for sin, in that sacrifice, full and perfect, once offered, in that blood which cleanseth from all sin, then seek forgiveness, then leave sin, then discard self, then learn to live henceforth not unto yourselves, but unto Him who died for you and rose again.

And let us look, not at the earthly life only, but at the heavenly life, also, of those who are here shown to us. We have seen whence they came; from washing their robes in the blood of the

Lamb; from enduring in His name and strength *the great tribulation* of mortal life; its adversities without; its conflicts with temptation, with self, with sins and fears, within. Now let us see whither they come: what is the life of heaven as here disclosed?

It is a life of comfort. No more hunger, no more thirst, no more distress and weariness in bearing *the burden and heat* of an earthly day. God himself *has wiped away every tear from their eyes.*

It is a life of safety. God Himself has spread his tabernacle over them. They are under His shelter. No evil can approach where He Himself dwells: and they are *keeping the feast*, not in separate booths of their own, but in the tabernacle, under the tent of God.

It is a life of thankfulness. They cry with a loud voice, saying, *Salvation to our God!* Our salvation we ascribe to our God and to the Lamb. Our salvation: then we are saved: we speak of it as a thing known and felt to belong to us; and as being our own, we can trace its origin. We see whence it came; we see how, at every step, it was God's doing: could we have made ourselves thoughtful? Could we have *opened our own understanding to understand the Scriptures,*

or our own hearts to attend to the things spoken? Could we of ourselves have repented of sin, found Christ, gained a new spirit, wrought righteousness, trodden Satan under foot? These things, and every change and circumstance of life which aided or fostered any one of them—all were God's work: we see it now in the retrospect, as we desired and sought to own it at the time. And as we know the added value which any possession, whether in itself small or great, derives from its being the gift to us of a loved friend, even so is salvation itself made dearer and more precious by the thought of its being the work throughout of God's love, and of God's care over us, the purchase of Christ's blood, the fruit of the long patience with us of the Holy Spirit.

It is a life too of service. *They serve Him day and night in His temple.* Heaven would be no heaven to the Christian, if it were a place of selfish repose: it is one of the brightest of all its revelations that it is to be a place of service. But of what nature? Not, like earth's best and highest service, one of many imperfections, one of intermittent zeal, one of frequent drooping and flagging, the service of a corruptible body and of a sinful soul; but a service like that of the angels, yet with a motive—if it might be so—

even more constraining than theirs, a service hearty, constant, perfect, a service day and night, a service carried on in God's temple, that is, in God's presence, the service of God's priests, ministering not in *holy places made with hands*, but in the very scene and presence of His glory. Of the details of that service we presume not to speak: we see it to be a service of praise and thanksgiving; may it not be also one of ministration; of mission and of ministry to others also; even though earth's woes are ended, and the *expectation of the creature fulfilled?*

But we should ill express the prominent feature of the revelation here presented, if we failed to add, lastly, that the life of the redeemed in heaven is a life of entire dependence upon, devotion to, and union with, the Lamb that was slain. *The Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of water.* He is their shepherd: therefore they can lack nothing. All that the Saviour was upon earth to the first disciples—their Teacher, their Friend, their Master, their Protector, their Guide, their Upholder, their Restorer,—this is He to them: all this, and more. The disciples upon earth scarcely knew Him as their Redeemer, scarcely at all as their Priest, scarcely

at all, only just when He was leaving them after the Resurrection, as *their Lord and their God*. To be with Him now, knowing Him as we all do by report, as some of us do by contact and experience, would be a widely different thing. O the safety—O the comfort—O the repose and satisfaction, of being for ever with the Lord, in whose blood we have already washed our robes ! There is the point of contact. We must know Him first as our Sacrifice ; as the Saviour, who, though God, became man, and in that human nature died for our sins. Then to be fed by Him then to be led by Him, will be indeed the consummation of the joy of heaven. To be with Him in a relation yet more intimate than that of the beloved disciple who *leaned on His breast at supper*: to be with Him as one cared for upon earth, sought out, rescued, emancipated, sanctified ; as one carried safely through life's dangers, soothed under life's sorrows, supported through life's trying and painful end; to be with Him at last, as never before, *face to face*, and yet without ceasing to be with Him, heart to heart and spirit to spirit; to be always with Him, and for ever; to do everything, not only for Him, but in His presence, under His eye, and beneath His smile; this will be beyond mere safety, beyond mere

comfort, beyond mere service, however constant and perfect; this will be a relation into which no human love ever was admitted; this will be a community of life and soul beyond the nearest and dearest of earth's friendships; this will be the ideal to which human sympathy pointed, this the goal of which human love was but the starting-point.

And so we descend from the mount of transfiguration, saying *It was good for us to be there*: good for us, if it make us yearn for that fulfilment: good for us, if it make us inquire of ourselves whether we are on the way to it: good for us, if it send us back into earth's common duties, humbler, sadder, wiser men: good for us, if it makes us care more for Christ's *little ones* who have not yet strayed as we have, whom it may be our happiness even to keep from straying, to strengthen against falling, to pre-occupy for Him with the word of His grace, ere yet the hand of another can have stamped upon them the seal of sin and death.

## Hymn.

*"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."*

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Jesus, my strength, my hope,  
On Thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know Thou hearest prayer.  
Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do ;  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

I want a sober mind ;  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill ;  
A soul inured to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain  
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,—  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the Tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at Thy stay,  
Or wish my sufferings less.  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on Thee to call,  
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,—  
Unmoved by threatening or reward,  
To Thee and Thy great name;  
A jealous, just concern  
For Thine immortal praise ;  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify, Thy grace.

I rest upon Thy word ;  
The promise is for me ;  
My succour and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee :  
But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

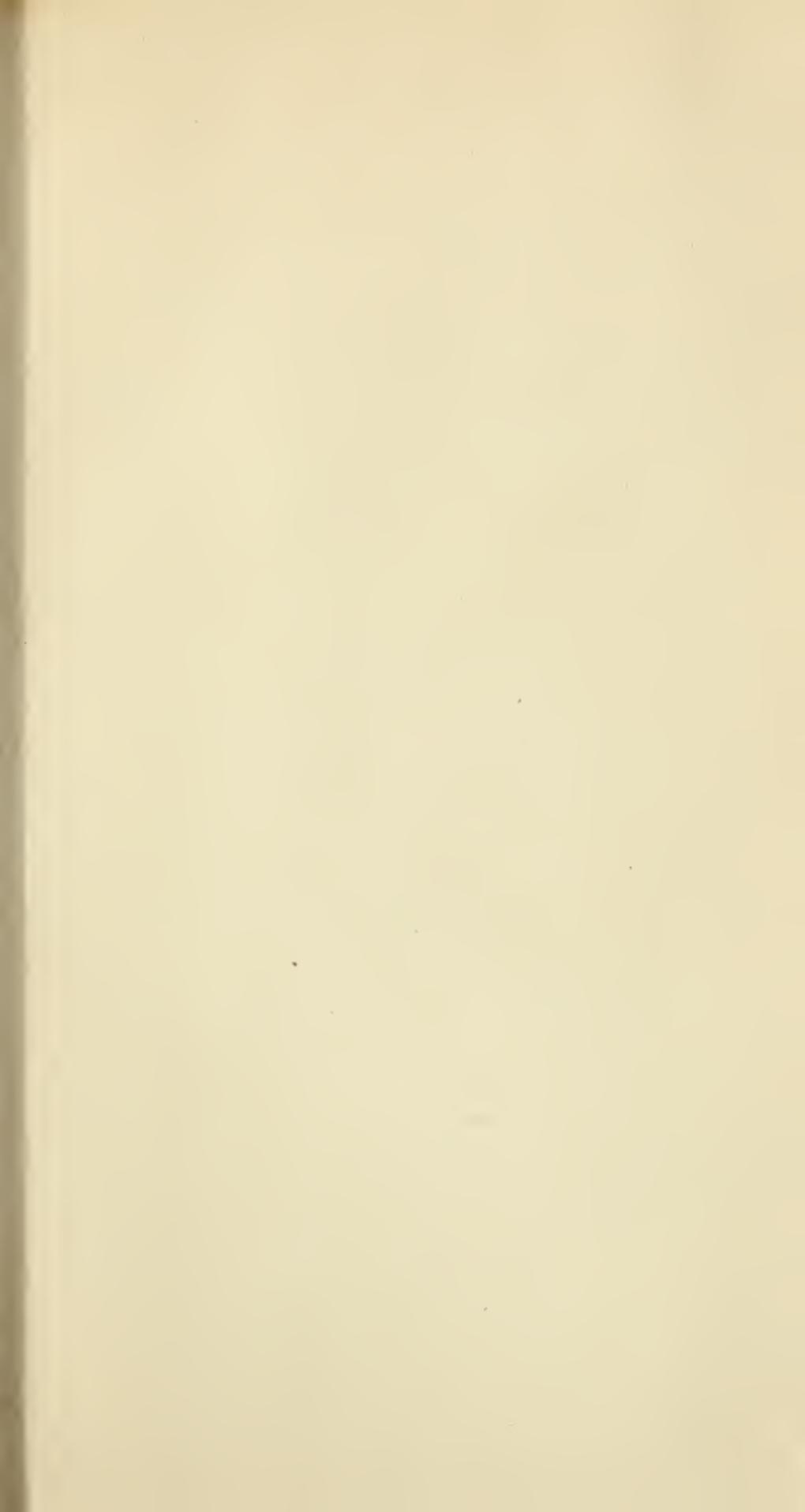
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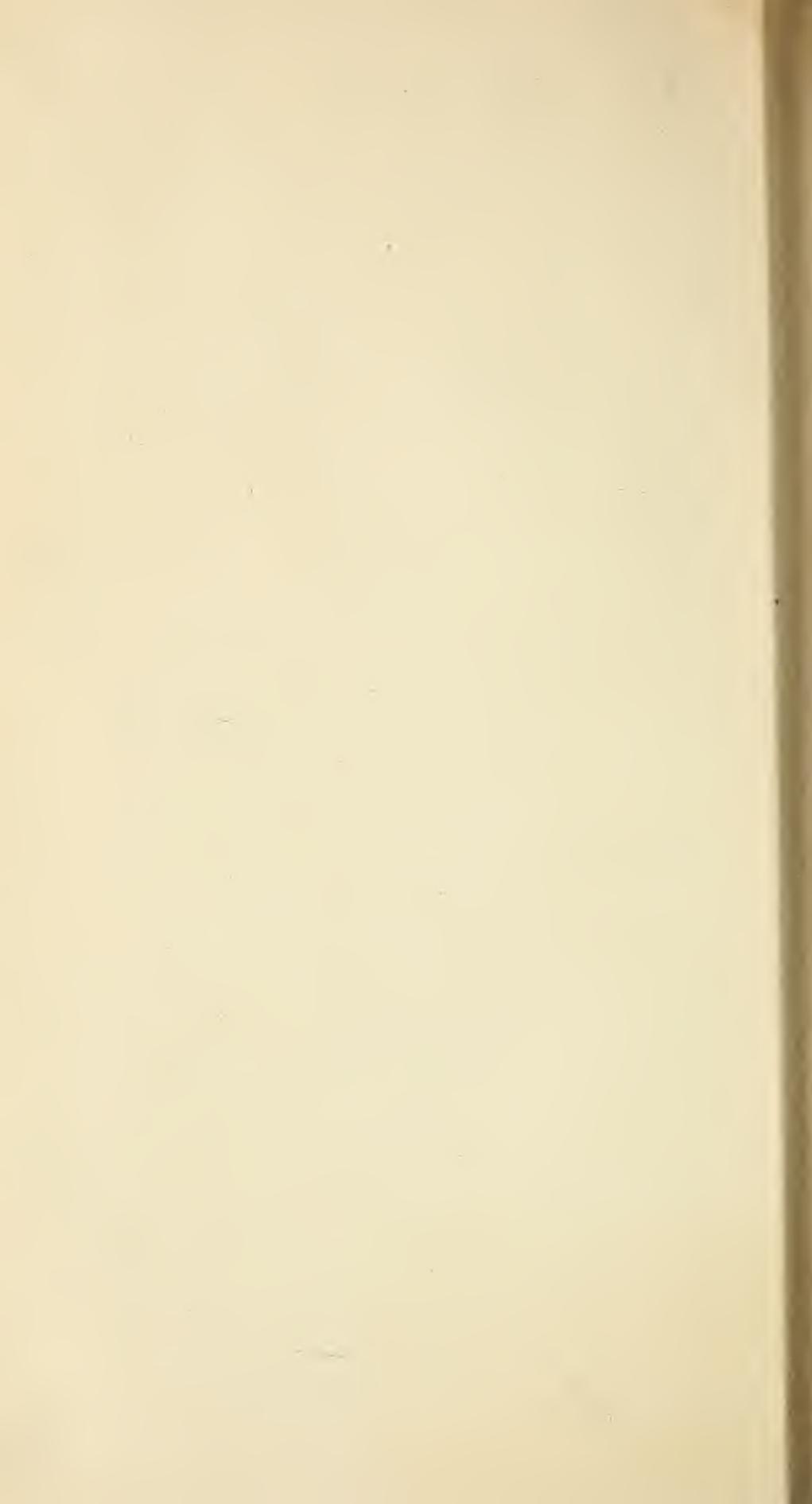
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